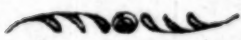


SELINA,
A NOVEL,
FOUNDED ON FACTS.


BY A LADY.


IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

————— Is there not a hand,
Which operates unseen, and regulates
The vast machine we tread on?

DR. HURDIS.

L O N D O N :

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1800.

SEELIN A

A NOVEL

FOUNDED ON FACTS



IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III

By the Author of 'The Last Days of Pompeii'

And 'The Last Days of Jerusalem'

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. B. LEECH, 15, WATERLOO PLACE, E.C. 4.

1881

PRINTED FOR C. LAY, ASTORIA, ORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII'

1881

SELINA.

THE fears of Emma respecting Mr. Ferguson were verified; he had made his proposals to the baronet, and was accepted. The portion he intended to give Emily was inducement sufficient to the baronet, who was delighted to think he should marry his son according to his wishes, and be able to portion off his daughters. When he next saw Howard, he wished him joy, and highly commended the wisdom of his choice.

For a while Howard supposed he was talking of Emma, and joined heartily in the old gentleman's commendations of her. To hear his father talk in such strains of miss Stanley, to talk with him of her, was to him the most delightful conversation in which he could be engaged; he therefore thanked him for his kindness, and assured him how happy he was in having the love he felt for miss Stanley sanctioned by his approbation. "Miss Stanley!" replied the baronet, in amaze; "you surprize me; did I not long ago tell you, that you must not think of her? Miss Ferguson is the lady I mean; I have accepted her father's proposals, and hope shortly to salute her as my daughter."

Howard was as one thunder-struck; to marry Emily Ferguson was the least of his thoughts; she was the last woman, to whom he could think of uniting himself; vain, trifling,

trifling, and coquettish, a woman of malignant disposition, not all the wealth of the Indies could induce him to make such a sacrifice. He thanked his father for his communication, but begged leave to decline his proposal, as it was one, to which he never could accede : miss Ferguson was not the kind of woman calculated to promote his happiness ; he looked for something more than mere beauty in a wife ; he hoped to find in one all the comforts of domestic happiness, and all the delights, that mutual confidence, arising from an union of minds, could bestow.

“ Very fine, sir,” replied the baronet ;
“ and pray what is there to prevent your enjoying these comforts with miss Ferguson ? Does she not love you tenderly ? Has she not sacrificed virgin delicacy to her love, when she permitted her father to speak to me on

the subject? and is it improbable, that when she is united to the man of her choice, but her disposition may take a different turn? Love effects mighty purposes; it changes the very heart: is not it's greatest pleasure found in promoting the felicity of the beloved object? I cannot doubt, but, when she is your wife, she will adopt your taste; your pleasures will be her's, your sentiments those of her heart, and she will be every thing you wish. I must therefore insist upon your visiting, and looking upon her as your destined wife."

"No, sir," replied Howard; "though no one more than myself can respect parental authority, or be more subservient to it, yet, in this instance, where the happiness or misery of my future life is at stake, where the comfort of my future prospects depends upon the choice I make in a wife, you must excuse

cuse me, if, in this instance, I presume, to abide by my own judgment. Not all your arguments can make me alter my sentiments in regard to the lady in question: besides, sir, you have long known, that my heart was unalterably engaged to miss Stanley, and I feel it as an insult to my love, that you should suppose me capable of wavering from it."

"Tell me not of miss Stanley," replied the baronet, angrily; "where is her fortune? where is her family? I do not see a soul, that claims kindred to, or acknowledges her."

"Yes, sir," emphatically exclaimed his son; "there is one soul that does, and that I glory in avowing is mine; she is the very essence of my existence; and the purity with which I love her can

be equalled only by that of her own heart."

"Well, sir," returned sir James; "allowing miss Stanley all the merit she possesses, she is not a fit match for you; her fortune is by no means sufficient, and I believe, with all your stock of love, you would in time think so as well as myself. I grant you, the heroes and heroines of romance are all for love and a cottage; but trust me, at the approach of poverty, love hides his head, and with all yours for miss Stanley, you would feel and be sensible of a thousand wants you now know but by name, and which you would then feel some difficulty in satisfying; I therefore desire you to think no longer of her, but turn your ideas to miss Ferguson, who has more *weighty* charms, and such as will improve upon acquaintance."

"Good

“ Good God, fir,” answered Howard ;
“ did I not know you, I should think you
the greatest miser living, to hear you ad-
vance such sentiments. I never will be the
husband of miss Ferguson, nor will I give
up miss Stanley ; the one lady is as essen-
tial to my happiness, as the other is repug-
nant to it : I must therefore, in this respect,
regard myself as a free agent, and, as such,
shall act for myself. I will not so far of-
fend your authority, as to conduct myself in
direct opposition to it ; I will so far forego
my own inclinations, as to desist from visit-
ing at Ferguson’s ; I will avoid seeing the
woman I love, but no consideration shall
tempt me, to give up the faithful affection
of my heart, or sacrifice it’s warmest incli-
tions at the altar of Plutus. This, fir, is my
determination, from which I shall never re-
cede. I shall soon again be ordered abroad,

and this, I hope, will remove me from the pain I feel in acting in opposition to your wishes. As a sailor, I have no business indeed with a wife ; it was not either miss Stanley's or my intention, had we even obtained your concurrence, to have married yet ; she does not mean to enter into that state, till she is of age ; and I love her well enough, to wait a few years, or even serve the patriarch's time for her, provided in the end she is given to my hopes."

Sir James found his son was determined. He used every argument his imagination could suggest, to win his consent to his proposals ; he told him, without his assistance he could not portion off his sisters, and that assistance was only to be obtained by his marrying a woman of fortune. Few young men had a more tender regard for sisters than

than Howard Mordaunt : there was scarcely any length he would not have gone, to have administered to their happiness ; but, to give up Emma Stanley was a sacrifice, to which neither his fraternal nor filial duty could reconcile him, and he knew it was a sacrifice they did not either wish or require. That he might be no impediment to their prospects, he offered to give a bond upon his estate for the payment of their fortunes ; in short, there was no pecuniary arrangement, to which he would not willingly have acceded, rather than give up the woman he loved. He combated the arguments his father advanced with all the strength of reasoning of which he was master, and with all the ardour a lover feels when so situate. For the first time, sir James and his son separated in anger.

Howard, unused to the contracted brow of a parent, could very ill conceal the uneasiness it gave him : while the baronet felt little less on his part. To treat a son with reserve and unkindness, who, except in this single instance, had never disobliged him, hurt him sensibly ; but he could not be prevailed on, to retract his determination : he was resolved, to make Howard the husband of Emily, and he stifled his feelings by the reflection, that, after the marriage had taken place, his son would be convinced by his arguments, and thank him for his conduct on the occasion. Such was the situation of things in Mortimer-street, when Emma received the following letter.

“ To

“ To miss Stanley.

“ The idea of writing to my Emma was among the first and greatest pleasures I could expect ; but to write as I am now obliged to do, takes away from my pen the power of declaring the feelings of my heart : to you I would unfold it's secret, it's remotest thoughts : to you, every action, every particular of my life should be revealed : from you I would have no concealments. Sir James, my Emma, has proposed a wife to me ; one, with whom I could not be happy ; one, that, compared with her whose image is indelibly impressed on my bosom, must appear as nothing. I boldly refused to accept her, and urged the affection my heart glowed with for another. He affected surprise at my intelligence, and desired me

not to think that way, but to comply with his desires, and visit the lady he proposed. Think you I would comply! O no, Emma; my heart is too deeply affected with the sense of the generous confidence you repose in me, to admit a second object. I cannot be tempted, to forfeit the treasure I possess: the affections of my Emma would make the poor man rich, would do honour to a prince; so sacred is the deposit, that no miser ever guarded his treasures with more care, than I cherish the recollection of my Emma's last tender acknowledgment. Be but firm on your part, I beseech you: my father, I know, intends to pay you a visit; I know he means to work upon your feelings, and persuade you to disown the generous esteem you have for me. Let me conjure you to be firm; let me intreat of you, to guard against his arguments and per-

persuasions. Alas! I know not what I write, or hardly to what purpose I do so. I cannot see you without risking the sight of an object, that has become hateful to me; without breaking my word solemnly given to my father. My pen is inadequate to describe the agitation, under which I suffer: I will trouble you no longer with my complaints, only, entreating you not voluntarily to abandon me, sign myself

“ your faithful

“ H. MORDAUNT.”

Emma, when she received this letter, was sitting at work with Mrs. Ferguson, whose excuse she begged, and opened it immediately. Her emotion as she read became visible to her companion, who observed with sorrow the tear, which sprang
into

into her young friend's eye: she immediately concluded from whom it came, and inwardly regretted, that she had ever given her consent for any proposals to be made to sir James. She loved miss Stanley with almost maternal affection, and she was scarcely more anxious, to promote the happiness of her own children, than that of her ward's. She wished to obtain the confidence of Emma, but a thousand reasons prevented it. Emma loved and respected Mrs. Ferguson; but she considered her as the mother of Emily, and naturally supposed, she would lean to her side. Thus, though being explicit with that lady would have saved her from her present sorrows, she rather chose to suffer in silence, than risk the disclosure of her sentiments. The veil was however now undrawn: the idea of her lover's being desired to marry another

ther was the cause of emotions she could neither repress nor conceal; and the fear of the visit she now expected from sir James totally deprived her of any command over herself: nevertheless, she gloried in the steady attachment of Howard, and resolved not to disown, even to his father, the sentiments her heart felt for him.

That she might be more at leisure to indulge her grief, and escape observation, she went to her own room: there she sat indulging her reflections, and giving free vent to her tears: every knock at the door filled her with trepidation and dread. One while she resolved not to see sir James: that she thought would look like contempt. Then she thought of excusing herself, on the score of being indisposed: but that would bear the face of an excuse. She knew not what to resolve on: her bosom was all anarchy,
and

and her mind had no fixed determination. Thus was she situate, every moment expecting to be called to this dreaded interview, which for that day she escaped; the fear of it, however, hung upon her mind, and she more than once wished it over, that she might know her fate.

Emily was now recovering, and joined in their working parties: she was sitting with them the next day, when the servant announced sir James Mordaunt. Emma started, and turned pale as ashes; Emily coloured; while Mrs. Ferguson looked confused. Sir James advanced, paid his compliments to each; but in addressing Emily, saluted her as his future daughter. The colour was heightened upon the cheek of Emily, while that of Emma assumed a more deathly appearance. After some general conversation, he at length turned to
Emma,

Emma, and said, " Will miss Stanley allow me the honour of five minutes particular conversation ?" Emma bowed : she could not speak ; her lips only moved, as if she would have made the essay. She would then have led the way to another room, but Mrs. Ferguson prevented her by withdrawing with her daughter. Confusion for a minute sat on the face of sir James : he knew not how to begin : for a while they sat silent, till at length he thus addressed her :

" I know not, miss Stanley, how to apologize for the liberty I am about to take, or even how I shall obtain your pardon for what I have to say : but, in life there are certain circumstances arise, which make plain dealing absolutely necessary, and excuses our stepping aside from the common forms prescribed by etiquette. One such circumstance has occurred in my family, hitherto

hitherto a happy one ; but now, through different views and purposes, much altered. It is to unite this family again to itself, that I did myself the honour of waiting on you this morning, expecting from the frankness, generosity, candour, and ingenuous openness of your disposition, the conclusion I am so solicitous to bring about."—To this harangue, delivered with gravity and steadiness, Emma only bowed. He then continued—

"In a late conference with my son, I proposed to him for a wife a young lady, who, if his heart had not before been engaged, could not fail of making an impression on it : he refused my proposal, and made one in return."—Emma now trembled from head to foot ; she could hardly keep her seat. He went on—

"I was

“ I was grieved to be forced to deny my consent to the gratification of his wishes. To the lady before me, there can be but one objection: I do not flatter my dear miss Stanley,” and he took her hand, “ when I say, in personal and mental accomplishments, there are few can equal you: but, in regard to my son, it is necessary he should look for a large fortune with the woman he marries. I am far from rich, and have two daughters to portion; and this, unless Howard marries as I wish, I cannot do, without involving an estate I have hitherto kept unincumbered. My son was too impetuous to hear reason; and the idea of giving up the lady, upon whom he had fixed his affections, made him deaf to argument: I am therefore, miss Stanley, forced to make a trial of your fortitude; I can scarcely reconcile myself to do it; but
the

the duty of a parent, and the solicitude I feel upon my children's account, renders it necessary."—Emma now became so agitated, she could scarcely breathe. To what new trial, thought she, is my fortitude to be put! What is now to be proposed! Sir James went on—

"From the tenour of my son's conversation, I was led to imagine, your heart was not indifferent to him, and that you regarded him with a favourable eye. Is this true? or, is it of that self-pleasing sort of flattery, which makes a lover see every thing through the medium of his hopes?" This was a question, to which Emma could not reply. She coloured, trembled, attempted to speak, but was unable; her head was held down, and her confusion was visible in every turn of her eye. Sir James saw it—

"I will

“ I will press you no farther, my dear miss Stanley; I see how it is. Howard Mordaunt is a young man few women need blush to love; and miss Stanley, in her turn, is among the few, whose affections are worthy almost any sacrifice to obtain: admitting you esteem Howard, do you love him well enough to promote his happiness?”—She lifted up her head, in surprize, at this question—

“ Unquestionably, sir;” was all her reply.

“ Will you, to promote it, give up your own? or, in other words, will you give up my son? Will you let the refusal come from you? While he is under the dominion of passion, he is too unreasonable to argue with: he boldly defies my power, and arrogates to himself the right of exercising his own choice. That choice he has fixed

on you. He tells me, he considers the affection you are pleased to honour him with as a trust so sacred, that no consideration shall tempt him to break it. For the reason I have advanced, and for another I must be excused mentioning, I cannot consent to an union between you ; and, to be plain, without a great alteration in some circumstances, I never shall. Can you then, miss Stanley, be the heroine, that will give up her inclinations, to promote the welfare of the man you love ?”

He paused, expecting a reply. Emma felt that he did so : she felt also offended at his manner, and the proposal he had made.

“ Yes, sir,” she replied, with tolerable firmness, “ certainly, if Mr. Howard wishes it, I can, and will.”

“ Mistake me not, madam,” returned the baronet ; “ I do not say, that Howard
I wishes

wishes it : on the contrary, I dare hardly indulge the hope, should you even be generous enough to make this sacrifice to the happiness of a family, that he will be persuaded to act in consonance with my wishes : but, it is worth the trial, and worthy sentiments as exalted as yours. With my consent, he never will stand in any other character to you, than he does at present : and should he form a clandestine connection, I should no longer consider him as a member of my family ; we should, from that hour, be strangers to each other. I believe he would sit ill at ease under the weight of parental displeasure. Of an action of this kind however I have no fear ; I trust, that neither of you would act so indelicately, or so boldly fly in the face of duty."

" Not

“ Not for worlds, sir !” replied Emma, with firmness ; “ here receive my promise, that no consideration shall tempt me to such a step : without your concurrence, I will not enter your family ; and, since the happiness of it depends upon Mr. Howard’s marriage with a woman of fortune, I will be no obstacle to it : more than by mutual inclination, Mr. Howard and myself were never engaged ; I can therefore no farther release him, than, after what has passed, I should think I derogated not only from delicacy, but what is due to myself, if I should again be tempted to listen to your son. Believe me, sir,” she continued, with an air of haughty displeasure ; “ I would not now enter your family upon any terms. I feel my own littleness ; I acknowledge, that there are many circumstances, which make an
union

union with me far from desirable; and, while they exist, I shall not think of marriage: be therefore under no pain on my account, for it is not my intention to remain here; with Mrs. Ferguson's permission, I shall remove to some distant corner, where there shall be no chance of our meeting: your son will then, I dare say, act in conformity with your wishes, and your family be again united and happy."

She then rose to go, but trembled so much, she could hardly stand. The pride of her heart, which had hitherto supported, now seemed to desert her: slightly curtsying she was about to leave the room; but sir James, advancing, said—

"Noble, generous, miss Stanley, receive my thanks for the disinterestedness of your conduct; a conduct, I can never sufficiently admire: it will serve as an example to

Howard ; an example, I hope, he will be emulous to imitate ; I shall then be richly rewarded for all my uneasiness : but I will no longer detain you." He then bowed, and withdrew.

Emma, released from sir James, hurried up to her own chamber ; there, flinging herself into a chair, she freely indulged her feelings. And what reward, thought she, shall I reap, for all my uneasiness ? Cruel, selfish, sir James ! and would nothing but a promise from my own lips satisfy you ! My happiness is of no consequence. Ah ! what daggers have you transfixed in my heart ! Alas ! I have promised never to hear Howard again upon a subject, that, to me, was always interesting : and what have I gained by the sacrifice I have made ! nothing ; but the knowledge, that I am a poor, insignificant creature, whose alliance

none

none will seek, all will avoid. Oh! my dearest mother! surely your children were involved in the same malediction, with which my cruel grandfather so heavily loaded you! Is it not now beginning to operate? but I will endeavour to support myself under all the difficulties I have to encounter: then, sighing heavily, “Good Heaven!” she exclaimed, “shall I live to see Howard Mordaunt the husband of Emily Ferguson? to be a witness of his intentions to her? hear the professions he makes, and listen to the plans chalked out for their future establishment? I cannot bear it; I am not heroine sufficient, to be an eye and ear witness of all these scenes, without feeling sensations, that would make me miserable. I will leave London, never more to return to it: but whither can I go? not to Llanbeder; there I shall be within

hearing, almost within sight, of the rejoicings made on the occasion. Whither then can I go ? alas ! I have no paternal roof, to which I can fly ! no tender father, or idolizing mother, to receive me ! an orphan, almost from my birth, disowned by my natural relations, and thrown upon the mercy of strangers ! Ah ! what a state is mine ! Stay here, I cannot, to be witness to scenes of festivity, of which it will wring my heart to partake ; yet, how can I avoid it ? where can I find a shelter ? to what distance must I fly, to escape the account of it ?”

Her distress of mind became uncontrollable, and it was no longer in her power, to disguise the emotions, under which she suffered. Mary, having entered the room, was surprized and astonished, to see her so distressed : she tried every means to comfort her. Emma felt grateful for her kindness, though

though not soothed by it ; she was the prey of despondence and disappointed expectation, and her sick heart felt unable to receive comfort. She desired her sister to apologize for her at dinner, as she had the head-ach, and wished to lie down. She might, with more truth, had said heart-ach ; for never before had her's felt pain equal to that, with which it was now oppressed.

Mrs. Ferguson accepted her apology. She really felt for her young friend, and incessantly reproached herself for having consented, that any advances should have been made to the baronet. As for Emily, she was never seen in better spirits, and the triumph, which sat on her brow, made her hateful even to Mary ; who, from what she had seen, and heard, easily conceived upon what account her sister suffered : she de-

spised Emily for her want of feeling, and her countenance spoke her inmost thoughts.

Emma had so far combated her sensations, as to be able to appear at tea; but her countenance had lost all animation, and the cast of it was so melancholy, that it was impossible to escape notice. Mrs. Ferguson saw it; and under pretence, that her head was still bad, offered her a seat next the fire; saying, with the sweetest tenderness of voice and manner, ‘that warm feet would soon effect a cure; keep yours on the fender, my dear, then,’ said she, with the greatest kindness; ‘or, had you not better have taken your tea in your own chamber; our talking may be too much for you.’ Emma bowed, in return to her kindness, faintly saying, ‘she felt much better, and preferred staying below.’ More she would have said, but she feared

to trust her voice ; her heart was in such a state, that a kind word had the effect of making her burst into tears. She took the seat Mrs. Ferguson had so considerately placed for her, and kept her face turned to the fire, that her swelled eyes, and pale cheeks, might escape observation.

Emily could scarcely restrain, even before Miss Stanley, the exultation of her heart, as she reflected how well her plan had succeeded, and doubted not, but its termination would be as favourable : she well knew the very high notions Howard entertained of the duty due from a child to a parent ; and upon these she grounded her hopes. The evident uneasiness, under which Miss Stanley laboured, was, to her, a cause of triumph ; and her unfeeling heart exulted in the thought of having separated the lovers. In the course

of the evening, she received two or three severe checks from her mother, for observations, which pained Emma to hear.

Tea was scarcely finished, when the servant brought in two letters ; one of which was for Mrs. Ferguson ; the other, he gave to miss Stanley. “ Who brought them ? ” said Mrs. Ferguson to the servant ; “ Mr. Mordaunt’s man ; ” he replied. The curiosity of every one was raised, and the countenances of the two ladies, as they read their letters, were critically examined : that to Emma ran thus :

“ Cruel Emma ! and have you actually given me up ? After all my intreaties, all my supplications, do you voluntarily resign me to my fate ? My father has just informed me of your determination, of your promise, never, without his consent, to be mine.

mine. Ah! Emma! is your love so trifling, that you can, with so little reluctance, make a promise of this kind? or, were you worked upon, by the persuasions of my father? Say, what induced you to be thus rash? Oh! recal your promise, my beloved: let us leave the world to it's mercenary pursuits: let us rise above the vulgar prejudices of little minds, and seek for happiness in the bosom of mutual love. Be mine, I conjure you; make me the happy husband I hope yet to be; do not, by keeping this fatal promise, drive me to despair! We shall have enough of this world's goods, to place us infinitely above necessity: we may live in the happiest of all states; a genteel mediocrity will be ours; and that, with my Emma, will be ten thousand times happier, than the highest, the most exalted station could be, without her. I have, this
c 5 day.

day, had the command of a ship given to me : already fortune begins to smile ; yet, without the woman of my heart, to share it, what is fortune ! what are honours ! all sink to nothing. Emma ! I conjure you, by the esteem you profess for me, by what is due to your own happiness, listen to what I say : my resolution is taken : if I cannot be made happy with my Emma, no other woman shall claim me as her husband ; much less miss Ferguson ; who, of all others, is my aversion : beware of her ; she is all art ; believe me, she is but a serpent in disguise. Sir James tells me, you do not mean to be much longer a resident in her father's family : perhaps, you will go to Llanbeder : at the house of the respectable Mr. Davis I may chance to see you : I have much to say, more than any letter could contain. Say but that I shall see you there, and I will

will come, from the farthest limits of the globe, to meet you. I may be ordered abroad: probably, I soon shall: before I go then, consent to be my wife; I ask no more; I will part from you, even at the church-door; this will be a security, that you are mine, past all human prevention; and, should I be so fortunate, as to return a laurelled hero, I will then claim my Emma as the greatest earthly recompense. What felicity will be ours! every care softened, every charm heightened, by mutual love and solicitude. What a rapturous life! Oh! realize this delightful vision: let me leave England with the certainty, that you are really my wife, and what more can I have to wish! My father's displeasure will die away; when he sees there is no remedy for it. My mother and sisters already love you, as one of themselves; and will you not

be more endeared to them, by constituting the happiness of a son, and brother, they so tenderly regard? Awake me not from this happy dream, I conjure you, but realize my views of felicity; and, be assured, that no circumstance, or situation, can alter the faithful affection of your

“HOWARD MORDAUNT.”

Emma no sooner cast her eyes over the first few lines of her letter, than she found, that she could not continue to peruse it, in the company in which she now was; colouring deeply, she immediately withdrew. Mrs. Ferguson, who saw the emotion which it gave her, concluded from whom it came: her own letter contained only a card of invitation, to her own family, to dine in Mortimer-street the following Monday; but no mention

tion was made of the miss Stanleys, nor did any card come to them. Mary thought it very odd; they had never before been left out of the party to sir James Mordaunt's; but she concluded it was a mistake of the servants, and did not doubt, but their card would be sent afterwards.

Mrs. Ferguson knew otherwise; she knew, that this visit was by way of a formal introduction of Emily to the family: how to acquaint Emma, she knew not; she considered, there would be a sort of indelicacy in mentioning it, and therefore thought it would be better, to leave it to chance. Mary, however, immediately informed her sister, who was at no loss to know, why they were not included in the invitation. Emma felt hurt at this neglect; she feared, that they had adopted sir James's sentiments, and had also given her up. In this, she was mistaken; both

both lady Mordaunt, and her daughters, loved Emma with the truest affection ; they had tried all in their power, to set aside sir James's intentions of accepting Emily Ferguson as a daughter-in-law : they represented her in her true light, but sir James would not be convinced ; money, to him, was a very essential article, he therefore saw her virtues through the medium of her gold. The ladies earnestly wished to see Emma a part of their family, and had vainly used their eloquence to persuade sir James to consent to it : they knew she was an economist ; the management of her own small income proved, that she was far from expensive, and that her taste led her to the enjoyment of domestic society, and rational pleasures, rather than to indulge in the dissipation so prevalent among fashionable females. The chance, then, that Howard stood

stood for happiness with such a woman, was infinitely greater, than he could expect with Emily; who entered, with avidity, into the pleasures of the town; was seen in every fashionable circle; and had an unbounded love of dress and show: the comforts arising from the company of a select party of well chosen friends were sweets unrelished by her, who placed her whole happiness in a crowd; to be seen, noticed, and flattered, was the ultimatum of her enjoyments; she looked no farther for happiness, she adverted not to the time, when these scenes can no longer please, and when the tired spirit looks forward to nobler plans of happiness.

Emma read her letter over, and over again: the picture of felicity her lover had drawn was so exactly correspondent to that she had traced in her own mind, that it engaged

gaged every feeling in his favour, to be his, to be really his wife : there was a pleasure in the thought she wished not to check, and could not control. The proof of his love he so readily gave, by promising never to be the husband of another, was a cordial to her sick heart. Hope, that flattering, that animating intruder, told her to look forward, to the realization of scenes, which the light fingers of fancy had so ably traced : she wept over her letter ; but they were the tears of tenderness, which the fond expressions, and warm attachment of her lover, demanded. In the rapture her heart felt for his assurance of eternal love, she kissed the letter that conveyed them, and placed it in her bosom ; thence she once more drew it, and again read it over. Now she was angry, that he should dare to propose a clandestine union : she thought
it

it an insult, and resolved to reproach him. Of what inconsistencies is love composed! How weak is reason, when opposed to it! How difficult is it to combat it's influence, or act contrary to it's impulse!

The reproaches, with which Emma meant to load her lover, she was incapable of uttering. "I will not be angry," said she; "I will not chide him for a proposition, despair only forced him to make; but I will not enter into a clandestine connection: no; dear as he is to my heart, much as I love him, that love shall not hurry me into the commission of an act my reason could not justify, and of the consequences of which I have had such a melancholy example, in the fate of my dear mother: how doubly inexcusable should I be, if, with such a warning, after such a lesson as her fate conveyed, I should take such a step! No; I will live
for

for him; I will live in the hope, that some fortuitous event may yet bring about our union: should it be otherwise, I shall have the consolation of knowing, I have not acted either a clandestine, or undutiful part; and that knowledge must console me for my lost happiness. I will not break the promise I have given to sir James; I will not see Howard, dear as he is to my heart; I will yet strive against my affection for him, and, if I cannot totally subdue it, I will yet struggle to prevent it's gaining an ascendancy over my reason and duty."

She then sat down to answer his letter. This was a difficult task; she wished not entirely to depress hope, and she was fearful of giving too much encouragement to it. She began her letter several times; she could not please herself: this was too cold:

cold : that too fond. Then she determined not to write at all : that again, would be unkind : at length, after many resolves, she answered it in the following manner.

“ SIR,

“ To say, that I feel happy at the conversation, that passed betwixt sir James and myself this morning, would be to assert a falsehood. A foe to deception of any kind, I had, long ago, acknowledged the interest you maintained in my bosom ; that interest is no way decreased ; and I yielded to sir James’s entreaties, more from offended pride, than want of feeling. Not only the promise I have given to your father, but my own principles, forbid me to enter into a clandestine engagement : you have, long since, known my sentiments on this head ; and, I confess, I am surprized at your
urging

urging such a step. Let us wait with patience : should it be our fate, to be hereafter united, we shall enjoy our happiness the more, from the difficulties we have surmounted : should it be otherwise, the knowledge of having acted properly will, at least, soften our disappointment. Yet, think not I have sufficient apathy to give up my views of felicity without a sigh : many it has already cost me ; many more it probably will. Receive my thanks for the proofs of attachment you have so frequently given : if it will at all contribute to your peace, be assured, mine for you is not weakened. I promised your father, that I would not see you : I hold my word too sacred, to admit it's being broken ; and, I trust, you will so far respect it, as not to put me to the chance of so doing. Our correspondence must likewise cease ; but,
ere

ere it totally closes, permit me to assure you, that I cannot but be interested for you; and so long as I have remembrance, you will not be forgotten by

EMMA STANLEY."

This letter she sealed, and sent off immediately, not daring to trust herself with the reperusal, fearful, that she should not think it proper. She then returned to the company, and in better spirits concluded the evening. The consciousness of having acted right gave a temporary quiet to her heart; and the confidence she felt in Howard's firmness went no small way towards making her mind easy.

Mordaunt, when he received her letter, though he condemned, yet could not but admire her the more, for being so tenacious

nacious of her word. He lamented her prohibition of a correspondence ; for upon that he depended, as the softener of absence : yet, fearful of offending her, he would not even solicit her upon the subject. The professions of her esteem delighted him : he kissed the letter a thousand times ; called it the sacred characters of love ; the talisman, that, when oppressed by fatigue, or wearied of encountering dangers, should reconcile him to life ; and make even the severest hardships wear the face of pleasures.

This was the language of love ; and none, but a real lover, can conceive the effect it had upon his spirits. His mother and sisters saw the change, and attributed it to some glimmering of hope, that his father might yet be brought to consent to his wishes. On the contrary, sir James was offended at

his heightened spirits; he felt they were meant to breathe defiance; and it more than ever determined him not to relinquish his design.

Monday came; Emily dressed with more than usual care, and looking more than commonly handsome, presented herself before Emma, with all the malicious exultation of hope, that she should yet supplant her in the affections of Mordaunt. She affected to be dissatisfied with her appearance, and found faults, in her person and dress, where none existed. Emma, though hurt to the soul at the idea of Emily's being introduced as a daughter to the family of her lover, yet had command sufficient of herself to disguise what she felt: she drew hope from Howard's assurances of constancy; and saw the carriage wheel away for

for Mortimer-street, with more fortitude than she had expected.

When the Fergusons arrived at sir James Mordaunt's, they were welcomed, with every mark of respect, on his part : he introduced Emily, as the future wife of his son ; and desired lady Mordaunt, and her daughters, to consider her as such. He then apologized for his son's absence ; which, he assured them, was not intentional ; he being obliged to attend at the admiralty. Dinner was announced : no Howard came. Sir James wondered ; Emily sighed, and looked disappointed ; every one else was amazed.

By the particular desire of the baronet, he was to have been kept in ignorance of the party, that was expected ; but miss Mordaunts were talking of it before

fore their maid, who, in confidence, told young Mordaunt's servant, and he thought it highly proper, his master should not be ignorant, whom he was to meet. Thus prepared, Howard knew how to act: he purposely kept from home; and finding, when he was at the Admiralty, that he must go down the next day to Spithead, to take the command of his ship, he made a pretext of an immediate order, took a chaise, and left London, about eight in the evening.

When they had sufficiently wondered at the cause of his absence, and had exhausted the probability of every circumstance, that could detain him, a letter was delivered to sir James; whose surprize, while he read it, was not only evident to the company, but so far threw him off his guard, as to make him say, aloud, "Good God! Howard has left town." "My son! my brother!

Mr. Howard!" was articulated from every mouth; while the stare of surprize, and the expectation of knowing why, was visible on every one's features. Sir James, however, vexed that he had been betrayed into this exclamation, said, "that, upon going to the Admiralty, his son found his presence was necessary at Spithead; it was thought proper by the board, that he should immediately hasten thither; and, feeling himself inadequate to the pain of parting with such respected friends, he thought it better to leave London without taking a formal leave." This was the colouring Sir James thought proper to give it; but it was far from just: Howard had candidly told his father his reasons for leaving London so unexpectedly; he said, he was unwilling to give even appearance to an affection he could not feel, and thought it
injustice,

injustice, both to the lady and himself, to countenance a proceeding, to which he was averse: he solicited his father's pardon for the step he had taken; assured him, he would not so far condemn his authority, as to see even the object he most wished to see, while he avoided one whom he had chosen; and concluded with assuring him, that, if he would not press his choice, it never should be gratified contrary to his will.

Sir James could very ill conceal his vexation at the intelligence his letter contained. Lady Mordaunt, and her daughters, were at no loss, to guess the motives, that had driven Howard from town; Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were disappointed; while Emily sat the picture of mortification, and dismay: the party, now mutually dissatisfied, broke up. Emily could not bear, that her

mortification should be seen by her rival; she therefore begged her father and mother, not to take any notice of Howard's departure to Emma; and, under pretence of a head-ach, immediately retired to her own chamber. But Emma was not of disposition to exult in the disappointment of another: she well knew the cause of Emily's head-ach; for, during her absence, she had received the following letter from her lover:

" This once only, my Emma, will I break your commands; the exigence of the moment requires it: thank you ten thousand times for your letter; dear, sacred characters, they are placed on my heart, whence, but with life, they never shall be torn. I know of the party, that are this day to dine with my father; it is upon
their

their account I write; I have resolved not to see them, or to countenance even the slightest appearance of a civility I cannot pay, or an attachment, which I can never feel. I go therefore to Spithead, where I shall join my ship, which is now lying there. I might yet for some short time have delayed my departure, but I chose rather to hasten it, than give sanction to hopes, which will never be realized. It is uncertain, whether I may be able to return to London again before we sail, the place of our destination being yet unknown, though I believe it is pretty certain, that it will be to the Mediterranean. This, then, will probably be my adieu to you, who, of all women, are nearest my heart: blessings then attend you, my Emma, wherever you go; still let me have the pleasure to think I dwell in your thoughts: I leave you in

the fond hope, that, at our next meeting, there will be no prevention to our mutual happiness; that my father will authorize it, and himself join our hands. I will cherish this hope; it will tell me, I must not live for myself, but for one infinitely dearer. Oh! my Emma, how shall I say farewell! how shall I take leave of one, upon whom my every thought is fixed, who is the centre of all my joys! For my sake, if I may presume to say so, take care of yourself; remember you are accountable for mine as well as your own happiness; I leave it in your charge. Once more then adieu, dearest of women, and believe me your unalterably faithful

HOWARD MORDAUNT."

This letter occasioned in Emma the most lively emotion. She wept over it, and
vowed

vowed her heart should never be unfaithful to it's author. She wanted no fresh proof of his attachment; and this, though a grateful one, yet gave her extreme pain. 'Alas!' said she, 'when shall we meet again? when will the hopes you have cherished be realized? Yes, I will take care of myself; I will hope, we may yet be one; that the day may yet arrive, when, without incurring the censure of boldness, I may openly avow the love I feel; but, alas! there is little prospect, that this will ever be; not only the interdiction of your father, but the dangers of your profession, almost forbid the hope. How hazardous a life is yours! to what risks are you exposed, from the merciless hand of war, and commotion of the the elements? O could I but share your dangers, could I but relieve your fatigues, how readily would I do so: but, alas!

I can only weep, and pray for your safety. If prayers have effect, mine shall be incessantly offered up for your preservation; and, relying upon the watchful care of divine goodness, my stubborn heart shall learn submission to it's decrees.' Thus she reasoned: her eyes were yet red with weeping, when Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson entered; and she was too studious to conceal her emotion from them, to attend to miss Emily.

Several weeks now elapsed. Miss Ferguson was peevish, and ill tempered, almost to rudeness, with Emma: to Mary she was scarcely more civil; and her conduct was so openly disrespectful to both, that their residence in the same house became very disagreeable. Mrs. Ferguson saw it, frequently chid her daughter for it, and by the sweetness and tenderness of her manner to her wards, endeavoured to make amends
for

for her conduct. Howard had failed, so that Emily's expectations were all blighted.

Mr. Davis had written frequently to invite his wards again to Llanbeder, but Emma declined the invitation, as she felt a reluctance to going where every place would remind her of her lover. Ever since the accident, by which Mary's rib and arm had been broken, her health had visibly declined; she was constantly complaining of a pain in her side; she evidently lost both her strength and colour. Emma was alarmed, and wrote to Mr. Davis for advice, who strongly urged their coming to Llanbeder, or going to Bristol. Mary was however unwilling to leave London: George Ferguson had returned cured of his attachment to Emma, and now devoted himself to her sister. Mary was pleased with the liveliness of his disposition; and as he was

at least a certain relief from the ill humour of Emily, she was gratified by his notice, which indeed was only that of an affectionate brother : she feigned, therefore, to be better than she really was, and thus things proceeded for above three months longer, when Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were agreeably surprized by a visit from their son and daughter, signor and madame Vinetti. This was an unexpected pleasure, and gave life to the whole family. Madame Vinetti was the exact counterpart of her mother, both in person and disposition ; and her manners were so sweetly mild, that she interested every body in her favour. She was particularly struck with Emma, who was just the character she admired. Miss Stanley also felt a reciprocal prejudice in her favour, and Emily soon had the mortification of seeing herself rivalled, even in the affections
of

of her friends. They proposed remaining in England six months, at the expiration of which time, they were to return to Italy. Madame Vinetti observed, with pain, the envious disposition of Emily towards Emma, for whom she felt the tenderest attachment, and could not excuse her sister's conduct towards her. She saw how uncomfortable the residence of miss Stanleys in her father's house was made by it, and one day, after she had been in England about two months, proposed, half laughingly, half seriously, that the sisters should return with her to Italy; they as laughingly consented, and the matter dropped.

Emma, though she ceased visiting in Mortimer-street, yet maintained a constant correspondence with miss Mordaunt. She cautiously avoided mentioning Howard, and miss Mordaunt spoke of him no farther, than

to say, when they heard from him, and how he was.

Mary now grew so much worse, that her sister strenuously insisted upon her following Mr. Davis's advice. Madame Vinetti, when she was acquainted with it, promised to accompany them to Bristol, provided they would return with her to Italy. Emma willingly agreed, provided Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Davis would permit. Madame Vinetti undertook to engage for her father, and miss Stanley was to write to Mr. Davis, who would not oppose it, under the consideration of the beneficial effect it might have upon Mary's health ; but urged their first going to Bristol, that her strength might be a little restored, before she undertook the voyage. Their friend was delighted at his ready acquiescence ; and that they might make their journey in a good time of the year, hastened their departure some weeks :

weeks: the journey to Bristol was immediately undertaken, the whole party accompanying them. Mary found some benefit from the air, and was soon strong enough for a voyage to Italy.

While at Bristol, Emma received letters from miss Mordaunt, who mentioned her brother's being expected in about four months, but, she added, his stay will be very short; he merely comes home to be revictualled, and then either returns to his station, or proceeds to the West Indies; she concluded with saying, she postponed her marriage in the hope, that he would be present at it; and with a wish, that she might, by that time, have returned from Italy, and be a participator in her happiness. The papers also had prepared Emma for the return of her lover, and she would now have willingly deferred her journey to Italy, but her sister's

ter's health, the promise she had given to sir James, beside appearing trifling in the eyes of her friends, forbade her thinking of it. Much of the pleasure she had proposed to herself, in this tour, was now done away. The thought, that Howard would be in England; that he would see Emily, and probably be worked upon by the persuasions of his father to accept her, made her averse to a journey, which she feared might be fatal to her happiness. She had been taught to consider absence as the grave of love; and though her's was, if possible, heightened, she doubted lest the constancy of her lover might be shaken.

Thus she became the prey of despondence and uneasiness; her thoughts, ever fixed upon this subject, never failed to set in melancholy array before her all the dismal ideas, with which her heart was oppressed:

yet.

yet spite of the necessity she thought there was, that she should not quit England, her love for her sister conquered every feeling for herself. Mary's health was far from being established; the slightest cold, or least fatigue, affected her; they therefore soon returned to London, and began to make preparations for their departure: these preparations were soon accomplished; and in less than a month after their return, they were ready to quit England.

Emma was much affected when she took leave of Emily: she dreaded, at their next meeting, to see her Mrs. Mordaunt: the idea was so painful, that it forced tears into her eyes. She wished her happy, but not with Howard: could she be so with any other, none would more cordially have congratulated her; but self, that never fails to predominate, told her, that the happiness
of

of Emily with Howard was too inimical to her own.

When she took leave of Mrs. Ferguson, her tears could not be restrained: that lady kissed and embraced her; called her a noble girl; bade her but continue to be as exemplary in her conduct, as she had hitherto been, and it would ensure her happiness; desired her to write frequently to her; assured her, she should be interested in all that concerned her; and requested her to recount her all her feelings and concerns, for that she could not but be anxious in whatever related to her.

Emma returned her maternal friend's embrace; she could not speak, her heart was too full for utterance: she regretted quitting one she so highly respected, and one who, in every respect, had manifested the most tender regard for her. She loved Mrs. Ferguson as a mother, and, in spite of all

all her faults, and all her unkindnesses, Emily too, whom she regarded as a sister, and one of her earliest friends. The separation between the father, mother, and daughter, was highly affecting; George accompanied them to Falmouth, whence they were to sail in the Lisbon packet, the war preventing their going through France.

As they sailed down the channel, and as the coast of England vanished from their sight, how did each regret it's lessening view! everyone had left some friend behind; and thus situate, they were not in very good spirits, but from these thoughts they were roused by attention to their own particular feelings. A sickness, common to those who have never been at sea, now assailed them, and Mary suffered so much from it, that every one was alarmed for her. In the course of a week she got tolerably

lerably well ; and by the time they arrived at their destined port, was better than she had been for some months.

Signor Vinetti, having business to transact both at Oporto and Lisbon, the ladies amused themselves with seeing every thing worthy notice ; and their stay at Lisbon was made very pleasant by their introduction to several families of consequence. Madame Vinetti proposed crossing directly through Spain, but her husband having some concerns to settle on the coast, they agreed to go round it. Emma expressed a wish to visit Gibraltar ; her friends consented, and they, as well as herself, saw with delight that monument of british valour. Their stay at Gibraltar was short ; and thence they proceeded to Barcelona, where they remained somewhat longer. They did not admire Spain ; the indolence so prevalent among
it's

it's inhabitants, their excessive pride, reserve, and particular observance of forms, gave them an unfavourable opinion of the nation; yet they were not so blinded by prejudice, as not to allow them all the merit, that was due to their strict sense of honour, courtesy, and hospitality.

Our travellers attracted the attention of several cavaliers, by whom they were frequently serenaded. Much as Emma and Mary wished to visit Marseilles and Toulon, this was not to be thought of at present; they sailed from Barcelona, therefore, immediately for Genoa; within about ten english miles of which, on the italian side, signor Vinetti resided, and here, after all their fatigues, they were welcomed with the warmest affection by their amiable friends.

The

The next morning madame Vinetti told them, "she would introduce them to her cicisbeo, for," said she, "it is actually out of all rule to be seen with your husband; and though I am so truly english, as to prefer the company and conversation of mine to the finest beau Genoa can afford, yet, unless I would incur even public ridicule, I must not make use of his arm, or be seen to speak to him in public."

"We have many ridiculous customs, my dear miss Stanley," said signor Vinetti, "but this is really a pernicious one, as it not only estranges a man and wife from each other, but affords them opportunities, and even sanctions their carrying on intrigues, which frequently bring the most fatal consequences upon their families. From one extreme the genoese have fallen into another; with the rest

rest of the italians, they were noted for jealousy ; and to rid themselves of this censure, they adopted this custom, which sets all domestic happiness at defiance. As we live at some distance from Genoa, we are less observed, and are more at liberty to act as we please ; and really the choice Caroline has made of a cicisbeo is so prudent a one, that I am no way jealous of her ; for though I see him almost every day, and hear him address numberless fine things to her ; yet, so far from feeling hurt by his attentions, I am never better pleased, than when he is here. I dare say we shall see him before the day is over, and we will then visit Genoa."

The day passed very pleasantly, but no cicisbeo appeared. " How ungallant," said madame Vinetti, laughing ; " after such an absence,

absence, he ought to have come even to Genoa, if not to Barcelona, to meet me ; positively I will discard him ; I will not admit him to my presence, but severely punish him for this lapse of duty. Indeed I cannot tell, but that I may be tempted to give him a specimen of italian jealousy, and have him assassinated."

The next morning, however, introduced him to the knowledge of our young travellers, to whom he was made known as Mr. Neville. He was of a noble and commanding aspect ; his exterior, though much emaciated by sickness, and evidently labouring under a dejection of spirit, was nevertheless extremely prepossessing ; he paid his compliments with a degree of elegance they had seldom seen equalled, and appeared much struck with the sisters, examining their countenances with the minuteness of a

person, that was tracing in them a past recollection.

The party now proceeded to Genoa, where they visited every place worthy notice. They were delighted with the palaces of Durazzo, Bragnole, and Correga; the bridge of Corregnan, and the beautiful bay of Genoa, also claimed their admiration. To our young travellers all was food for admiration, wonder, and astonishment, yet they confessed the appearance of so many people in black gave a sombre turn to their thoughts.

“ This city,” said signor Vinetti, “ from the magnificence of it’s buildings, has obtained the name of Genoa the Proud; but so much is the state of this once flourishing republic, and the temper of the people altered, that, if these splendid churches and edifices had not owed their existence to former

mer ages, they would not now have been erected."

"Why?" said Emma, "I always understood, that the italians were noted for their love of the fine arts."

"True, my dear," replied her friend, "but the genoese are an exception to this rule; their indifference to the fine arts is certainly wonderful. Our soil is in many parts barren, mountainous, and rocky: nature, in many respects, has been a niggard to us; we must, therefore, endeavour to supply her defects: to do this, called forth all our exertions; commerce seemed the only way, by which we could arrive at the accomplishment of our views; and to this, as with one accord, every one turned. The italians, naturally indolent, could not bear the genoese for their industry; and though we lost the fine arts, we have most undoubtedly received much greater advantages.

Our

Our bank is rich to a proverb; but the riches of Genoa, which used formerly to consist in her manufactures, now give way to a spirit of parsimony and usury, which disgraces our national character. There are but few states, which we have not assisted with loans, and this not a little raises the pride of my countrymen. Shall I own to you, that, though myself a genoesse, I see faults in our constitution, which, as a patriot, I could wish to see remedied? But as Caroline will not give up the hope of some day settling in her native country, and as I feel a great pleasure in indulging her in her wishes, I shall put up with the evils, of which I complain, without attempting to bring about a reformation which I could not expect to see carried into effect. But tell me what you think of our city, and of such ladies as you have yet seen."

“ I can hardly be a judge,” replied Emma, “ as I have scarcely yet seen any, by whom I can form a judgment ; but I am in love with the gentlemen, yourself, and Mr. Neville, for instance.”

“ O, as to me, I thank you for the compliment, which I presume was meant only for my friend ; but sympathy speaks in his favour ; he is, you know, an englishman.”

“ No, it did not,” returned Emma ; “ madame Vinetti did not introduce him as my countryman : but tell me, who is he, and what brought him here ; and, above all, tell me the cause of that air of melancholy so visible in him ; it much interests me.”

“ O thou daughter of Eve,” replied her friend, “ how in the world am I to answer so many questions, and gratify such a stock of curiosity ? But that I may really gain a place in your opinion for being a dealer in small talk, and retailer of intelligence,
I shall

I shall proceed to answer, to the best of my abilities, the questions you have so ably proposed. In the first place, then, he has resided in Italy for some years ; ill health, I believe, first brought him among us. He formerly lived at St. Remo, but about two years ago, we met with him at Pisa, so famous for it's baths. It happened, that we were next door neighbours, and Caroline, who by the by was much struck with him, contrived to bring about an acquaintance, which was so well improved, that we soon persuaded him to quit St. Remo, and reside in our neighbourhood. He is now constantly with us, and we consider his company as such an acquisition to our society, that his loss would be severely felt, and we should not know how to dispense with his presence ; yet, though we are upon so intimate a footing, we have never heard him mention

either the cause of his dejection, or even name his connections in England. I believe he has been unfortunate, both in domestic concerns, and pecuniary matters; he has, I know, been married, and has had children, but whether he be a widower, or live in voluntary separation from his family, I cannot tell: I can only say, that he merits happiness, to which, if I may judge from some hints he has at times dropped, he has long been a stranger."

As our heroine's acquaintance with Mr. Neville increased, they were more and more pleased with him. Not a day passed but he was at Villa Marina; all the pleasure he seemed to have was in the company of his friends; he was constantly bringing or sending some little elegant present to them; in short, he seemed only to live for them, and with them. "You have certainly made a conquest

conquest of Mr. Neville," said madame Vinetti to them, "but which of you is to be the favoured object, I cannot tell, though, to say truth, I think he gives the preference to Mary; for he is constantly looking at her, and sighing. Remember," she continued, laughing, "I shall never forgive you for robbing me of him; and as for you, Emma, if you are faithless, I shall have no difficulty in revenging myself; for depend upon it, I shall write to a certain young naval officer, and tell him, 'of broken vows, and faithless woman, to beware.'"

Emma coloured as deep as scarlet. This was the first intimation madame Vinetti had given her of being acquainted with her secret; she felt confused and ashamed, that it should be made public.

Neither Emma, nor Mary liked either the dress or manners of the Genoese ladies:

they were for the most part extremely ignorant and superstitious, and were so generally addicted to gallantry, that the freedoms in which they indulged were to an english-woman highly disgusting: besides, the excessive attachment both sexes had to gaming precluded all possibility of rational conversation. However, in the society of signor and madame Vinetti, and Mr. Neville, time never flagged; the days passed away with rapidity; and weeks and months were gone, ere they were thought to have passed.

But Emma, as the time drew on, that Howard was expected in England, gave an involuntary sigh, and regretted, that she too could not participate in the pleasure of his company. In idea he was present to her view; she saw him at Llanarth, now chatting with his mother, now walking with his sisters. Memory too, ever faithful to her duty, presented to her imagination

nation their first interview ; her introduction to his friends ; the many hours of social converse they had shared ; and the many agreeable walks and rides she had enjoyed with him. Again fancy pictured him as no longer her lover, but the husband of Emily Ferguson ; she saw her, in her mind's eye, leaning on his arm, taking their evening walk on the beach ; now she saw them sitting at the foot of a large oak tree, which grew in the port, enjoying all the sweets arising from nuptial happiness. This idea was to her most ungrateful ; she tried to chase it away ; she found it was impossible ; it recurred with double force, and reigned so despotically, that she almost feared it was realized.

Mary was now quite recovered ; they would return to England ; she would no longer remain at a distance, and where it was with difficulty they could obtain letters

from their friends. Then she reflected upon sir James's conduct, and her promise to him. Was she not better where she was? If she were at a distance from him, she was also at a distance from the misery she should feel, were she in England, seeing him the husband of another. "I will try then, to be content," said she; "I will not anticipate ills, which, if they be to come, I must learn to submit to with patience; but hoping the best, will patiently wait it's arrival."

Things were in this state, when, as the family and Mr. Neville were sitting and conversing after dinner, the conversation turned upon portrait and miniature painting; each were extolling it as a charming and elegant art. Mr. Neville, taking a picture from his bosom, showed it, saying, "that it was not only an admirable likeness, but the drapery, design, and painting,

ing, were esteemed remarkably well done :” unloosing it from the string, by which it was suspended, he put it into the hands of madame Vinetti, who no sooner saw it, than she said, “ were it not that the countenance is something older, and the dress rather antique for the present day, I should declare it was done for Mary.”

Signor Vinetti and Emma were likewise as much struck by the likeness, and expressed their surprize at the resemblance. “ ’Tis a resemblance,” said Mr. Neville, sighing, “ that does not exist merely in the picture ; miss Mary is so exactly like the original, that, at first sight, I almost thought she was again present to my view. The sensations I have felt, and still do feel, when I contemplate the likeness betwixt them, are indefinable ; in short it is not features only, but the voice, the action, the manner, are altogether so much

like what her's was, that I could at times fancy it was herself. This lady," said he, stedfastly regarding the picture, "was, when I first knew her, the counterpart of you," addressing himself to Mary. "Her virtues," said he, wiping a tear from his eye, which had taken it's abode there, "deserved a better fate; she fell into the hands of a villain, who, careless of the jewel he possessed, left her exposed to ills she was not formed to encounter; death, at an early age, tore her from a world and husband unworthy of her; and it is not among the slightest of the sorrows, under which he at present labours, that he has her's and her children's fate to deplore: to the anguish, which now corrodes his heart, he must shortly fall a prey, and, bereft of every hope and comfort, sink into a grave, which cannot even bring rest to him."

The

The sighs of Mr. Neville now arose to sobs, and, still gazing upon the face of Mary, whose hand he retained within his, the tears flowing from his eyes, he continued, "I am the wretch of whom I speak. I am the man, who has hurried to her grave a woman of matchless worth. O, if crimes such as mine, can be extenuated by repentance, bear witness, Heaven, of the sincerity of mine. Excuse me, my dear friends, reflections, such as mine, are beyond the reach of human comfort; the great author of all can alone speak peace to my heart: but I am unfit for company; I will retire; perhaps to-morrow I may be more able to converse, and I will then again see you."

He would have left them, but his friends, who loved and respected him, could not bear the idea of his quitting them in such a

frame of mind ; they therefore united in persuading him to stay : unable to resist their intreaties, he complied ; and Mary gayly said, that, in return for finding a likeness for her, she would show him a picture, which he in some degree resembled ; but, added she, “ the gentleman I shall show you is young, has a cheerful animation in his features, and is indeed very handsome.”

She then produced the picture of her father, and put it into his hand. He took it ; gazed attentively on it ; then, casting his eyes up wildly, he clenched the picture in his hands, and violently struck his forehead. For some time he continued in this attitude, to the astonishment and terrour of them all ; who thought he was in a fit, and eagerly offered remedies to relieve him ; for some time he was not in a situation to benefit
by

by them, till at length, roused from the dreadful state in which he was, in faltering and broken accents, he said, "For God's sake, tell me where you got this picture, and who gave it to you!" There was a kind of frenzy in his manner, and incoherence in his expression, that frightened both Emma and Mary too much, to permit them to reply: for a minute he waited their answer; which, not obtaining, with the most frantic gesture he dropped on his knees, and clinging hold of them, said, "for the love of Heaven, have pity on my miseries, and tell me, I entreat of you, where, and how you got possession of this picture! Oh speak, I conjure you; relieve me from this agonizing suspense; it is a question, that interests me beyond expression."

The sisters looked at each other, as if fearful of revealing what neither dared to tell;

tell ; yet unable to resist the agonized looks of Mr. Neville, they at length whisperingly said, “ from their mother.”

Like one struck by a thunderbolt, Mr. Neville fell to the ground ; every muscle, every nerve in agitation, he seemed perfectly convulsed ; in dreadful perturbation, and in expectation of some horrid mystery, which he had to unfold, they tried to raise him ; at last they succeeded, and, placing him on a sofa, waited for some time, till he was able to disclose the reason of his present sufferings ; but that was no easy task to perform, for he was no sooner sensible, than his feelings took a different turn. Looking at miss Stanleys, he burst into an agony of tears. “ I was the husband of your mother, if it were really she, who gave you that picture ; but no ; that cannot be : your name is Stanley. O, are you

you sure you do not deceive me? Was it indeed your mother, your own mother, that gave you this miniature?"

"It was, indeed, sir," said Emma, as well as her agitation would allow; "our name is not really Stanley, but something very like it."

Mr. Neville now gasped for breath: he longed to know, yet dreaded to hear, what was their real name. Unable to ask, yet solicitous to learn, his lips could scarcely refrain from repeating, what his hopes bid him wish it to be: finding they were silent, and being no longer capable of enduring suspense, he said "Your mother's name was Manley; was it not?"

"Oh yes, yes," they replied, bursting into tears.

"Then I am indeed your father," said he, trembling with violent agitation. They would now have approached him: "Stand off,"

off," said he, frantically, " I am unworthy of such blessings. O God, O God," he exclaimed, beating his forehead, " what a wretch have I been ! How can I embrace my children, or expect that they should acknowledge a father, who was the primary cause of all the miseries their mother endured ! O no, no, I dare not, I must not hope, that they will own me for a parent."

His children again advanced, and kneeling, begged him to acknowledge them ; to suffer them to be near him, to administer consolation to his distresses. Throwing himself on a sofa, and leaning his arms over it, for some minutes he laid fixedly contemplating them ; till Mary, gathering courage, rushed up to him, and clasping her arms round him, in words scarcely articulate from sobbing, begged him, by the memory of her mother, to see and own her children.

Her

Her action, her manner, the likeness, all struck him. He took her in his arms, clasped her with fervour to his heart, and then his head sinking on her shoulder, he again burst into tears, and sobbed like an infant. Emma now also partook of the paternal embrace of her father, whose tears wetted the bosoms of his children, till at length exhausted by the violence of his emotion, Mr. Neville became a little composed, when looking stedfastly at his daughters, he said, "and can you, will you own me, my dearest girls? Will you acknowledge for a father the man, who has been such a villain to your mother, and may justly call himself her murderer?" They trembled: it was a question, for which they were not prepared, and one to which they could not immediately reply.

"Call us but your children, dear sir," said

Emma;

Emma; "suffer us but to look upon you as our father, and we will endeavour to prove ourselves worthy your affection."

"Good and excellent girls," he replied; "I know you will be every thing my fondest wishes could hope: but alas! I am unworthy such blessings; unworthy the favour of Heaven. Alas! how wantonly did I trifle with happiness, while it was within my reach. O, could I but recal the past, I should not now be suffering under pains almost too exquisite to endure."

Signor and madame Vinetti, who, from motives of delicacy, had quitted the room, when they found who he was, now returned to it; and uniting their endeavours with those of his daughters, succeeded tolerably in quieting his agitation. After some time he was so far composed, as to be able to recite the following particular occurrences,

rences, which had produced the present events.

“ The agony I experienced, my dear girls, at separating from your mother, and the melancholy circumstances, under which I was forced to leave you, added to the stings of a conscience already wounded, made me careless and unconcerned about what became of myself. In the ship in which I was ordered to embark were a number of other officers, who, not having the same causes for dejection with myself, at first endeavoured to rally me out of mine ; but finding the endeavour vain, they at length left me to myself. After some time however, by the kindness and attention I experienced from a veteran lieutenant, I so far composed my agitated thoughts, as to join in their parties. The amusements on board a ship it is almost impossible

impossible to vary : the days were spent in drinking and gaming ; to the latter vice I had been a slave : it was owing to that fatal propensity I had become the wretch I was ; I therefore never partook of this diversion, consequently I was left much to myself, and but for the conversation of the lieutenant, should have had room for meditation even to madness. For hours have we walked the quarter-deck, each lamenting his fate : his situation was even more forlorn than mine, he having left a wife and five children with but little on which to depend, and that little very precarious ; yet he saddened not hope, but encouraged her delusions, and frequently said, that he doubted not but he should return a colonel.

“ Our voyage was long, and tedious ; and we had scarcely landed at St. Domingo, when

when we were ordered out against the brigands. I commanded a small detachment of the piquet party ; despair made me hazardous, and in the action, I had the honour to signalize myself so far, as to claim the notice of my colonel. My good friend the lieutenant too, who acted under me, reaped his share of glory ; and upon our return from the field, we were taught to expect speedy promotion. We were, however, in several engagements, before this promise was made good, and, but for the sickness which prevailed in the island, and the dreadful havoc it made among the officers, as well as soldiers, we might have long waited ; but death having swept away the major of the regiment, I was appointed to his command, and my friend took mine. Such was my situation when I last wrote to your mother. Still however, though promoted,

I was

I was miserable : I had, while in England, mortgaged my half pay ; that mortgage was not yet paid off, and the rank I maintained in the army called for more money to support it than I could spare. The knowledge I had of the necessities, under which your mother must labour, the little prospect there was of my being able to remit any thing to her, and the dread I felt of her being exposed to want and distress, gave me the most poignant misery : the anxiety I felt, upon her account, made me desperate ; I was the prey of melancholy and distress.

“ In this state of mind, I was ordered out against the enemy ; I heard and received the order with cheerfulness, for, unable to combat with the feelings which harassed me, I looked forward to death as a relief from thought ; and in the hope that some friendly ball might be directed to

me, I rushed with my men into the thickest of the battle ; they, poor fellows, fell thick around me ; still I remained unhurt. At length I received a ball in my side ; I sunk to the ground. Though I was seen to fall, yet I could not, being in the very heat of the engagement, be born away to my tent ; and I believe it was generally conjectured, that I was among the slain. How long I lay, I know not ; I was soon insensible ; and when I recovered my senses, it was only to add fresh stings to my misery. All around me were spread the bodies of the dead and dying ; nothing could be more terrible, than the groans of the wounded, and the pathetic exclamations of those, who were scarcely alive.

“ I was so dreadfully wounded myself, that I was unable to rise : ‘ here then,’ said I, reviewing the scene before me, ‘ here must I resign

reign my breath ; and this is the field of honour ! How comfortless, how horrid ! This arises from the vanity of ambition ! Just Heaven, that man should dare to sport with the lives of thousands for a small track of ground ; or perhaps the omission of some trifling mark of respect ! How many widows are left to weep over their ruined hopes, and blasted happiness ! How many orphans are left exposed to pinching want, forced to submit to hard necessity, and perhaps smart under the cruel hand of a tyrant, or else, deprived of succour, are driven for subsistence to infamy.'

" I again attempted to rise, but was incapable, through loss of blood. Two blacks, who were advancing, saw me, and with the tenderest humanity endeavoured to raise me : they at length bore me to a miserable hovel, where for many weeks I remained,
in

in a state of insensibility. As soon as I was able to be moved, I was conveyed to the garrison, which was then in possession of the french ; whence, as a prisoner of war, I was shortly to be sent to France. I immediately wrote home, explaining all particulars ; and, through the medium of a friend, had my letter conveyed on board a ship for America, which was unhappily lost in it's passage to Quebec.

“ After remaining some time a prisoner, I was embarked, with others, on board a vessel bound to Marseilles. We were not far from our destined port, when we were met and attacked by an algerine. The idea of imprisonment was enchanting to that of slavery, and with equal resolution every man on board resolved to defend the vessel to the last. So long and obstinate was the engagement, that our ship was a

mere hull upon the water, without either masts or yards. The enemy now prepared to board us, and accordingly fixed their grappling irons to our side: when, animated by the dread of slavery, and knowing how much our sufferings would be increased by the bold defence we had made, in a moment of desperation, the captain himself set fire to the vessel, boldly declaring, ‘ that he preferred even death itself to surrendering to such an enemy.’

“ From the instant that fire was seen bursting from the ship’s hold, the enemy began unloosing their grapnels; and ere she blew up, they had made some way from us: except a french sailor and myself, I believe not a soul escaped; I was by the violence of the explosion thrown into the sea; and providentially received no material hurt.

“ Though

“ Though the algerines were pirates, they yet had humanity sufficient to send off a boat to the assistance of such as survived; but the poor sailor and myself were all, that escaped the horrors of the day. We were conveyed to Algiers as slaves, and sold as such. How shall I retrace the agony of mind and body, I now underwent! I considered myself as for ever lost to all those dear connexions, which render existence sweet. Torn from every object, upon which my soul delighted to dwell, and under the dominion of a tyrant, whose sole study was barbarity, I endured, for eight years, all the misery and hardships the most refined cruelty could suggest. Christian dog was the only term, with which I was ever honoured; and upon the slightest pretence, or omission, he would

have me beaten. I believe Mustapha was always fearful of my entering into some plot against him ; he, therefore, confined me to his country house, where there was no other christian captive.

“ The favourite wife of my tyrant had been a christian, but, since her marriage with Mustapha, had embraced islamism. As she always resided at his country-seat, I was more immediately under her eye. The sorrows, with which my heart was torn, made me languid, restless, and unable to work. My mistress learning, that I was a christian, and seeing, by my manner, how incompetent I was to the tasks required of me, begged me of my master, as her immediate slave. The tyrant, though inflexibly obstinate and cruel to others, yet to her was all kindness, and seldom denied her any request she made ; I was therefore

sent for to him. As it was his custom to send for me, when I was to receive the bastinado, I judged I was now going for the same purpose, and followed the slave, inwardly lamenting the severity of that fate, which had condemned me to be under the command of such a tyrant.

“ I was, however, agreeably disappointed, when I found I was no longer to consider myself as his slave. ‘ Go, christian dog,’ said he, ‘ go to thy mistress, the incomparable Zaydana; go, lick the dust from her feet, for thou art no longer my slave, but her’s.’ Enchanted at this escape from his tyranny, I entered with alacrity on my new office. Hope again cheered my spirits, though still a slave; my tasks were so lightened, that I could accomplish them with ease, and even have time to myself. I was now no longer in

fear of the bastinado, and my life was comparatively happy to what it had before been. My chief employment was to take care of some curious plants, which were set in a particular part of the garden.

“ As I was one day at work on them, Zaydana, attended by a female slave, advanced towards me : I bowed as she approached ; she stopped : ‘ Sadi,’ said she, ‘ are you able to get through your tasks ? If you do not feel yourself competent to them they shall be lightened.’ I thanked her, but said, there was no occasion ; I could manage them with ease. She staid talking some time with me. For several days, nay, I believe weeks, she repeated her visits, constantly taking notice of what I was about, commending my care of her favourites, and frequently ordering them to be moved to her apartments. I judged,
by

by her manner, there was something more than common in this attention, and one day having sent away the slave, that usually attended her, she, after some introductory discourse, asked me, ‘ if I could be as secret as the grave ;’ I replied, ‘ she might depend on me.’ She hesitated, as if fearful ; but at last said, ‘ Sadi, though to you I appear a mohammedan, I am not in reality one : in my heart I am a christian, and, except in outward appearance, have never swerved from that belief. I have been obliged to preserve the semblance of islamism ; but from making a formal confession of that faith, Mustapha, who is a man of much power, saved me. Yet, so well have I acted my part, that he himself thinks me a true believer, and, upon that account, I escape persecution. Mustapha,’ added she, sighing, ‘ is kind and obliging ;

yet I am not happy with him : my soul longs openly to espouse the faith, in which I was educated ; and to accomplish this first wish of my heart, I must forsake him. If you will assist me, in my escape hence, I will richly reward you. Do not, however, let me mislead you, or tempt you to undertake an enterprize, that might be fatal to you ; I give you till to-morrow to consider of my proposal. Do not be rash, but weigh every danger, before you resolve. I tell you again, that it cannot be accomplished without risk.' She then left me.

“ My mind was now fully employed ; the idea of an escape from slavery was animating, was enchanting. I reflected upon the pleasure I should feel : every risk, every danger, sunk before it : I saw only the bright side of the question ; prudence
whif-

whispered, that, if our project were discovered, certain death awaited me, but my heart, bounding with all the elasticity of hope, told me I should be successful. I cannot now describe the visions fancy portrayed, dressed in her gayest colours, and spreading before me every object that could invigorate the mind, or give strength to my hopes. I gave myself up to all the joy this emancipation seemed to promise.

“ With the most anxious impatience I waited for the next day; never had time been so tardy in it's progress. I counted every minute, and experienced the most violent tremour, till my mistress appeared; when, under pretence of picking up something, which she purposely let fall, she slipped a piece of paper under a small plant, that grew near.

“ She was no sooner out of sight, than I, who had observed the motion, took away the paper, which contained only a request, that I would leave my determination in writing, and put it into a flower pot, loosely covered with mould. I did so; and, in the moorish tongue, wrote, ‘ rely upon my fidelity.—I have no fears; point but the way, and I will follow.’ The flower pot was soon removed; and, in the evening, under pretence of ordering something for the garden, Zaydana sent to speak with me; I attended; for some time she conversed with me wholly upon my business; but sending away her slave, under pretence of bringing something she wanted, she told me to go immediately to Algiers, to the house of Simeon Boffu, a jew, and deliver him a letter, which she put into my hands, and wait his instructions.

“ I

“ I immediately hastened off, and fortunately met with Simeon, who, after he had read the letter, sent for me. He scrutinized my countenance pretty closely; asked me, whether I were willing to comply with the contents of the letter I had brought. I replied in the affirmative. He then said, ‘ that my mistress depended upon him, for sending to the first european port, a poor grecian lad, who had been her slave, and that I, as an european, was to attend him. He then gave me a letter back to Zaydana, and telling me to be again at Algiers in four days, let me go. I hastened back to my mistress, who, after reading the letter, prepared for our departure.

“ The night before we came away, she gave into my hands a casket, containing some valuable jewels, and chains of gold. She then appointed the place, from which she was to escape. I waited anxiously for

the signal, which was given in due time; but judge of my consternation, when, instead of receiving a woman, I found I held a boy in my arms. 'We are ruined!' I exclaimed, and would have fled, but was prevented by a 'hush, hush, Sadi, it is I; it is Zaydana; do not fear.' In her hands she held a second casket, similar to that, which I had received from her the preceding night. We crept fearfully along; the moon which glimmered through the thick trees, that surrounded the mansion, serving us for a light. We kept among the thickest of the trees, that, in case of an alarm, we might hide ourselves: at length we reached the garden gate, which we were obliged to climb. My mistress, who was light and active, easily surmounted this little difficulty; and we pursued our walk in silence, till we were met by a man, who let his cap fall as he passed. Zaydana instantly spoke

to him ; he turned back ; and by the most unfrequented paths conducted us to a very sequestered spot, within a mile of Algiers, where he left us. Here we waited with the most dreadful anxiety for the approach of night, when we expected to embark.

“ No sooner had the evening begun to draw in, but Simeon hastened to us. ‘ You are discovered ! ’ said he, throwing down a bundle he held in his arms : ‘ instantly change your dresses, and follow me : ’ his command was immediately obeyed. We followed him in silence to a cavern by the sea side. ‘ Here stay, ’ said he : ‘ wait with patience for my coming : do not fear ; I will yet conduct you in safety to the ship. ’ He then left us in a state of alarm, almost too terrible to bear ; not a wave washed the beach, not a breeze agitated the water, but our fears interpreted to be some one sent

sent in search of us. In this alarming state we continued till midnight, when we were again cheered by the sight of Simeon, who told us to come with him. ‘Be silent,’ he continued, ‘and tread as lightly as possible; Mustapha has sent many to seek you; the least noise may undo you.’ We now followed our conductor to a creek at some distance, where a boat lay ready to receive us.

“Simeon now took leave of Zaydana, who forced a handsome present on him. ‘Pull away, my lads,’ said the friendly jew, ‘yonder lies the vessel.’ The rowers obeyed him: we were soon on board the ship, which seemed only to wait our arrival, as she immediately slipped her anchor, and the wind blowing pretty fresh, we soon lost sight of Algiers.

“My mistress soon began to be a little
cheered;

cheered; and called me to her. 'It is now, Sadi,' said she, 'that I must be obliged to you; upon you I must depend for providing me a residence: from this moment you are free; you are no longer to consider yourself as a slave. Henceforth I shall regard you as my friend, and, as such, shall confide in you the little history of myself.

" My mother, I believe, was by birth an englishwoman; and from hints that I have at times gathered from her discourse, I judged she left her native country unknown to her parents, whose uncertainty of her fate she frequently deplored, often accusing herself of having acted treacherously by them. My father was a tunisian, and a man of consequence in his country. He was a mohammedan. I was the only offspring of this union, which was far from a happy one,
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the difference of religion being a constant source of discord betwixt them. My mother, whose darling I was, early instilled into my young mind the principles of christianity, charging me, never to swerve from them. Upon her dying bed, she called for her husband ; and as well as the faintness and pains attendant on a death-bed would permit, told my father, that it was her wish, that he would now let her parents, if they yet survived, know her fate ; that she had held herself bound by the promise she had given him, never to disclose the circumstances of her absenting herself from them ; but she trusted he would now no longer keep them in ignorance. She shortly after expired.

“ For a time my father was inconsolable for her loss. I, therefore, carefully forbore mentioning her name ; till one day, he having started the discourse, I asked him
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the meaning of what my mother had said. He evaded my question ; but at length, upon my growing importunate, informed me, ' that she was an englishwoman of the name of Trevor, who had left her country unknown to her parents ; but I think,' he continued, ' that I shall shortly make a voyage to England, and take you with me. Your mother was an only child, and an heiress ; and you are now, through her, entitled to large possessions in that country.' This raised my curiosity ; from one question, I proceeded to another, till, at length, I obtained the whole history ; and found, that my father had left England, owing to a duel he had fought with another, whom he killed. He said, that my mother knew nothing of the duel, or it's event, till after she was married ; and that was one
reason

reason why he did not let her friends know what had become of her.

“ My father, shortly after, turned all his property into cash, which, with ourselves, we embarked on board the vessel in which we sailed for England. The tunisians were then at war with the algerines; we were taken, and my father was killed. I was carried a captive to Algiers, where I was bought by Mustapha, who always treated me kindly, and at length married me. I endured much persecution on account of religion, and was obliged to appear a mohammedan; yet, believe me, my heart never coincided with the renunciation I had seemed to make. From that hour, I have ceased to be happy. I have had several children, but none that ever survived their fifth year. I look upon
their

their death, as a punishment the Almighty has inflicted on me for my apostacy, and I swore, after I had lost my last darling, to dedicate the remainder of my life to God.

“I could not, while at Algiers, carry my design into execution; and waited impatiently for an opportunity. The blessed virgin has at length favoured me. From the moment, that I found you were a christian, I resolved to try whether I could not, with your assistance, bring my designs to bear. Of the fidelity of Simeon I had no doubts; of him I was secure; but he could not assist me out of Algiers. I have, from time to time, lodged money in his hands, that, in case I might be able to compass my design, the want of it might not impede it's success. Every thing has hitherto succeeded as I wished,

wished, and now, as I said, I rely upon you for procuring me a proper asylum."

"I thanked Zaydana for her communication, and proposed her going to England, and making inquiries after her mother's family.

"By no means," she replied; "of that I am now indifferent. I have none for whom I am anxious to acquire riches, and I seek not to obtain new connexions for myself. I have sufficient to procure my admission into a religious house; and enough to spare, to give to the man, who has so readily entered into my design, and participated the dangers attending it."

"I still urged her going to England, but she was not to be persuaded. I then proposed her going into a convent in Portugal. To this she acceded; and now every thing

thing being settled betwixt us, I gave myself up to the delightful sensations such a change of situation had occasioned. In idea I already felt the pleasure, of which I should be sensible, in embracing a long lost wife and children; and I trusted, that my future conduct would ensure their happiness.

“ My health was impaired by the sufferings I had endured, but my mind and heart were improved by them. My love for my wife now rose triumphant over every other passion. I anticipated the pleasure of a meeting so unexpected, and imagination, with her delusive pencil, portrayed scenes of exquisite bliss. I saw myself surrounded by my family, held to the breast of a faithful wife, and caressed by her children. I saw them again, while in idea I was recounting my melancholy story, wiping away
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the tears of pity and feeling from their eyes; and already I felt the pressure of my Selina's hand, which seemed to say, 'and yet you are returned to us.' All the emotions that could rise in the mind of man at such ideas, now warmed mine; I chided the winds for so long protracting my expected happiness; I watched every point of the compass, and felt the most anxious impatience, if the wind shifted but for a moment to the wrong quarter. The vessel, in which we had escaped, was a spaniard from Biscay: in that port, then, we landed.

"Zaydana was now guided solely by me. I proposed our travelling by land from Biscay to Lisbon: she consented. Our journey was soon accomplished. My first care was, to seek out a convent for my charge. My search was successful; and in

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the course of a week, she had taken up her residence in it. She wept at parting with me; and placing one of the caskets in my hands, told me to keep it as a remembrance of her, and apply the contents to my own use. I refused her offered bounty, saying, and with truth, that I was the person obliged, as she had rescued me from slavery, and bestowed the blessing of liberty upon me; but Zaydana would take no refusal.

“ I have more than sufficient,” she returned; “ my pension is paid, and the sum I have reserved for my own use will more than satisfy any wants, of which I can now be sensible.”

“ To be short, I was obliged to comply, and ere that day was closed, I saw myself in possession of gold and diamonds to the value of at least ten thousand pounds. How was each anticipated joy enhanced by this sudden

sudden and unexpected wealth ! ‘I shall not now return a beggar to my family,’ I said, as I contemplated the shining contents of the casket. ‘No, I shall take back with me that, which, with prudence, will make our future life comfortable.’ My next care was to secure a passage for England : to do so, I repaired to the house of a merchant, to whom I had been recommended : it was there I met with a gentleman, with whom I had been formerly acquainted, and who knew your mother and grandfather.

“Our surprise at meeting was mutual and inexpressible. I eagerly inquired after all those dear connexions, from whom I had so long been estranged ; but what words can be expressive of my feelings at the dreadful tale he communicated ! He told me, my wife and children were no more ; and recounted the story of my woes with such
horrid

horrid prolixity that I wonder I retained my senses during the recital.

“ The proofs he adduced of the authenticity of his tale were too well founded, to admit of doubt. Thus fell the fair fabric of my hopes ; hopes, which I had so carefully cherished, so anxiously dwelt on ; hopes, which had cheered the gloomy hours of slavery, sweetened those of liberty, and animated my almost sinking spirits. Thus vanished all the delusive scenes of ideal happiness, which the flattering fingers of fancy had delineated, and those to which the rosy ones of hope had pointed. In exchange ; remorse, sorrow, and disappointment possessed me ; for my informer, not softening facts, if facts they really were, told me, that my barbarous neglect of my wife, joined to the earl's unnatural conduct, had broken her heart ; and that, after enduring the most

pinching want, she and my children fell sacrifices to it.

“ The effect of this intelligence was a severe fever, from which it was long before I recovered, and wonderful that I ever did. England, and the thoughts of residing in it, now became hateful to me. I resolved never again to enter a country, that had been the grave of my happiness.

“ As soon as I was recovered, I went to take leave of Zaydana, and hastened to the south of Italy ; but not liking the situation I had chosen, I proceeded to Genoa, where the gravity of the inhabitants suited the melancholy of my temper. Thence ill health drove me to Pisa, where I first became acquainted with signor and madame Vinetti ; and it is through them I have the happiness of seeing and embracing my children.”

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Here Mr. Neville, or, as we must now call him, captain Manley, ceased speaking; his daughters, who were much affected by several parts of his narrative, again embraced him, called him father, and were evidently delighted with having it in their power to own one. As he held them to his heart, the unbidden tears ran down his cheeks; yet the happiness he felt in so unexpectedly finding them, appeared in every action. But it was not a tranquil pleasure he felt; it was that tumultuous, rapturous kind of joy, that is almost painful to feel, and which you are in constant fear of something occurring to over-set. He thanked his friends for their attention and kindness to his children, and proceeded to ask, by what means they became acquainted. This produced an explanation; and Emma took this opportunity of

putting her mother's narrative into his hands. He was visibly agitated at the sight of her hand writing; put the packet into his bosom, wished his friends and children good night, and hastened home, that he might read it at leisure, and without witnesses.

Emma and Mary now disclosed the secret of their birth to their friends, having, however, obtained a promise of secrecy from them; and they joined in extolling the wonders of that divine Being, who had thus brought about a meeting so unexpected. It was late before they separated; and even then it was not, on the part of the sisters, to take rest; their minds were too much occupied by the events of the day, for sleep to have any influence; and in conversation on the past, and anticipating the future, they passed the night. Toward morning, however, sleep visited their eye-lids; and in their dreams were realized

realized the waking visions of the day. Early the next morning captain Manley's servant brought the following note to his daughters.

"My children must, for this day, excuse me. The narrative of my lamented wife has unhinged me. I am not yet sufficiently composed to see you: leave me to myself, therefore, till to-morrow."

Every one of this small party had expected, that captain Manley would be deeply affected by the perusal of his lady's manuscript; but none of them could imagine, how much he suffered from its contents. To describe the feelings, with which he was agitated, is impossible; when he considered himself as the primary cause of all the afflictions she had endured;

of the weary and painful hours she had passed, from anxiety, neglect, and poverty. But when he came to the sad recital of those events, which terminated her existence; found from what place she had commenced her beatitude; and read Dr. B.'s memorandum, and account of his first acquaintance, with the consequences of it; his anguish became insupportable. His tears, which before had almost blinded him, were restrained; but a bitter anguish, expressed only by deep groans and heart-rending sighs, succeeded; and he found it impossible, to shake off the weight of reflection, with which his heart was overcharged. All the sorrows he had before endured, even the chains of slavery, were light to the exquisite remorse he now felt.—

“Curfed, curfed wretch!” exclaimed he, with his clenched hands striking his forehead;

forehead; "into what an abyfs of misery did I plunge this first of women! How dearly has she paid for her knowledge of me! Matchless, incomparable sufferer! but thou art now a saint in Heaven, reaping the reward of thy patience and virtue; while I, loaded with the memory of crimes and vices, am suffering torments almost too weighty for human endurance. Oh! if thy sweet spirit can yet be witness to my pangs, let them, in some degree, atone for my unkindness to thee! Long and heavy has been my repentance, and it will end but with a life of which I am wearied, and pant to resign."

The more captain Manley read, the more he suffered; and though he longed to be again blessed with the sight of those dear pledges, who were now all that could reconcile him to life, he felt he had not yet

fortitude sufficient to meet them. His body, already weakened, participated in the sufferings of his mind; and at the time the servant brought the note to his children, he was too unwell to quit his bed. Miss Manleys, having learned from his man how poorly he was, would have immediately set off to him; but signor Vinetti represented to them, how necessary it was, that they should for one day leave him to himself.—

“It is natural,” said he, “that your father should be affected by the perusal of a narrative written by your mother, especially of the nature her’s must be. To condole with him now would have no effect; let his grief, by feeding on itself, be a little worn off, and your presence will be a balm to him; every circumstance at present is too fresh in his memory, to admit consolation: your going to him might, therefore, only

only give him fresh pain; leave him, then, my dear girls, only for this night, to his own reflections; and to-morrow the sight of you will not only give him pleasure, but comfort."

Emma and Mary, though convinced by their friend's reasoning, were yet unwilling to yield to it; fearful, that their father might think them indifferent, if not neglectful, of what concerned him, should they hear of his indisposition, and not go to him. This they mentioned to their friend, who assured them, that it was clear to him captain Manley wished to be alone, otherwise he would have sent for them. They therefore gave up the point, but waited anxiously for the next day, that they might visit him.

They arose at an early hour, and having left a written apology for their friends, they took a servant with them, and went to Villa Rosa.

They found their father was not yet risen, and his servant owned he had been very ill all the preceding day: they desired he might not be disturbed, and amused themselves with a book till he awoke; when, fearful of surprizing him, Emma gave the servant the following note, to be put into his hand:

“ Your children, dearest sir, are anxious to pay their duty to you; and hope if you be well enough, you will permit them to breakfast with you.”

When the servant delivered this note to his master, he was not a little surprized, to see the effect it had upon him. Captain Manley immediately rose, and hastened to them: they each bent their knee to him as he advanced.—

“ Kneel

“ Kneel not to me, my children,” he said; “ it is for me to do so to you. Have I not been a monster of wickedness to you, and to your mother? O! it is for me to kneel, and beg of you, in her name, to pardon my faults.”

“ Speak not of pardon,” they both said, “ dear sir; to know, that you are alive; that you own yourself our father, and suffer us to regard you as such, is happiness sufficient. If our dear mother could look out of her grave, how would her pure spirit rejoice to see us thus protected!”

They then sat down to breakfast, but were shocked to see the ravage already visible on their father's countenance, which bore all the marks of depression. It was with difficulty he could restrain the starting tear, which was perpetually springing to his eyes. He seemed never weary of look-

ing at them, particularly at Mary, whose extreme likeness to her mother he beheld with a delight mixed with sadness.

He learned from his lady's narrative, that Zaydana was the offspring of the unfortunate Elfrida, the mystery of whose fate was now unravelled. He would have sent off an express to Zaydana, with the particulars and history; but as she was now professed, he considered, that it would be better to leave things as they were, than hurry her thoughts again into a world, to which she was dead.

Emma expressed her wonder, that he had not written to Mr. Davis from Portugal.

"Your observation is natural, my dear," replied her father; "but the gentleman, who gave me the particulars of your mother's real, and your supposed deaths, was, as I said, so cruelly circumstantial in his account, that all doubt was at an end. I therefore

fore conceived myself alone in the world; and willing to deaden, if not totally eradicate, feelings, which were most poignantly severe, forswore all commerce or correspondence with England. I thought, indeed, of Mr. Davis, and was often upon the point of writing to him; but as often gave up the design: for, indeed, I was unwilling to hear a recapitulation of particulars, which had already wounded me to the soul. Besides, I had frequently written to him from St. Domingo, and once from Algiers; but as I had not received answers to my letters, I was uncertain, whether he were yet living. I was therefore silent. Had my conduct been irreproachable, I might, perhaps, with less fear, have sought further particulars; but, feeling myself the primary cause of my wife's precipitate death, I confess I was not courageous enough, to
stand

stand the shock of listening a second time to accounts so distressing. Hateful of myself, and unwilling to be known or recollected, to prevent curiosity, and inquiries I wanted spirits to answer, I adopted the name of Neville."

They conversed together with ease and freedom until the evening, when captain Manley conducted them back to the house of their friends, who were rejoiced to see him able to join their party. They had not long been seated, when captain Manley said,—

"Will you pardon me, my dear friends, when I declare my wishes, and, if it meet your concurrence, my design, of robbing you of your charges? Accuse me neither of ingratitude nor unkindness, for, the circumstances considered, you will not, I am sure, harbour a thought of the kind. I will

not

not tell you to remember, that I am a father, long separated from children, whom I have been taught to believe dead: for, when you reflect upon the precarious state of my health, you will judge how short a period I have to hope for the company of my new-found treasures. My mind wants solace; it wants the balm they only can bestow. You will not, then, be offended at my request; we will see you every day, and shall continue as of one family, let me but have the comfort of reflecting, that I am sleeping under the same roof with objects, who, by a thousand circumstances, are doubly endeared to me. You can form no idea, my dear madame Vinetti, of the satisfaction of which I shall be sensible, in knowing they are at last sheltered beneath the roof of a parent."

Signor

Signor and madame Vinetti, though extremely unwilling to part with their young friends, could not resist a plea of this nature: they, therefore, consented, having first obtained a promise, that they should see them every day. The next, therefore, saw them placed at their father's; a father, who, by his present conduct, merited all their attention and affection, and whose sole study it was, to contribute to their pleasure. The best masters Genoa afforded were sent for, to instruct them still farther in accomplishments he thought they should require. He was himself enthusiastically fond of music, and was particularly solicitous, that his daughters should be made complete mistresses of the science. He purchased an elegant and sweet toned harp, and it was one of the greatest pleasures he knew, to sit and listen to their performance.

Mary

Mary had a sweetly soft and harmonious voice, and she frequently played and sung to him, till, overcome by the emotions he felt, he was obliged to leave the room.

Madame Vinetti and her excellent husband were now constantly with them, and this agreeable and domestic little party never complained of the length of time. The days passed rapidly, unmarked by any circumstance worthy of note; and, but for the declining health of captain Manley, might have been esteemed among the happiest his daughters had ever known. Emma had written to her friends in England the account of their accidental meeting with their father. To Mr. Davis she had been particularly circumstantial, well knowing his anxiety about them.

One morning, as they were sitting at work with their father, who was reading to them,

them, madame Vinetti entered, and brought with her a packet of letters. Giving them to Emma, she said, "Come, my dear, put by your work; here is plenty of news for you." Emma took them. The hand-writing of miss Mordaunt caught her eye; she gave her letter the preference, and opened it first. It contained an account of that young lady's marriage with sir Edward Welwyn, and also that of Emily Ferguson with ———. Emma stopped; she durst not turn the page: her heart beat with a thousand different feelings, and she feared to see the name of Howard Mordaunt, as the man to whom she was united: she turned pale, then red: she wished, and would just then have given worlds, to have been at a distance from the scrutinizing eyes of her father, which watched every turn of her countenance. At length, after
arguing

arguing herself into something like a resolution to know the worst, she turned the leaf, and was agreeably disappointed, to find the name of Goddard was that, which Emily now claimed.

Lady Welwyn also told her not to be surprized to hear, that George Ferguson had declared himself the lover of her sister. "Thus you see, my dear," said her friend, "that the families are still likely to be united, though by different means than that, of which we thought with so much pain: but now, that we are upon the subject, take an extract from Howard's last letter, at which you must not be offended."

"You say, my dear Gertrude, that Emma and Mary Stanley are still in Italy, yet cruelly deny, though I am upon that coast, to tell me the place where they reside. Ah! Gertrude, did you know what love
is,

is, you would feel, in some degree, for my sufferings. Emma, the cruel Emma, forbade my writing to, or seeing her. This promise my father exacted of her, and she as tenaciously adheres to it. I love her more for her strict attention to her word, though I am the sufferer by it. You, I know, correspond with her: assure her of my unabated love and increased esteem: tell her I live but in the hope of yet obtaining her as mine; that I expect to return to England very shortly, where I hope to find, that my father, having overcome all prejudices, will authorize the expectations I have formed, which no scruples can then prevent her granting. Could I be assured, that she still retains an affection for me, I think I should not yet repine at the events, which have hitherto separated us; but look forward, with increased pleasure,

to

to the realization of those prospects, by which my hopes are yet sustained."

Emma, as she read this part of her letter, blushed a deep scarlet: the felicity this proof of her lover's affection occasioned, gave additional animation to her countenance, and lighted it up with the glow of pleasure and satisfaction. This did not escape her father's observation, who noticed, it by saying, he did not doubt, but the letter she was reading was from her lover; for no less a personage, he imagined, could have the power of animating a lady's countenance with such variety of emotions, as, during the perusal of it, he had traced in hers.

This was not a speech, to lower the colour on his daughter's cheek; on the contrary, it took a far deeper crimson; and the

the consciousness, that what he had said was in part truth, added to her confusion.

“ Well, well, Emma,” he continued, “ your countenance is too honest for disguise ; but remember, my dearest girl, that, though in affairs of the heart I would not exercise an undue authority, yet I expect from your prudence a choice, that will reflect honour on yourself, and the family to which you belong.”

Madame Vinetti saw Emma was too much agitated, to answer, therefore said : “ Be assured, my dear sir, that the choice, your daughter has made, is such as you must approve. From every account I have heard, he is a young man, that most fathers would be proud, to receive into their families ; and I believe, should he become a member of your’s, that he may even stand a chance of rivalling your daughters.”

“ I know not,” replied captain Manley, “ that I was authorized in saying what I did; I wished not to hurt the feelings of my child; and I had no reason, to suppose her choice would have fallen upon an improper object. I meant solely, to warn her of the danger attending too hastily giving her affections, and entering into engagements, without an intimate knowledge of the worth of the object. The whole misery of her mother’s life,” continued he, sighing, “ originated in this mistake; I judged it not amiss, therefore, to warn her child against a similar error.”

“ Dear, sir,” said Emma, “ I never will act otherwise, than in conformity to your advice; I will lay my heart open to your inspection, and, if possible, you shall regulate it’s feelings; rely upon it, that I never will act in opposition to your advice: by
your

your counsel I will be guided, and render myself all you wish."

"You are that already, my dear," replied her father, "and be satisfied, my Emma, that, in contributing to your happiness, I promote my own: the first wish of my heart is to satisfy your's, and in every shape promote your felicity."

Some time afterwards, when captain Manley and his daughter were sitting together, Mary having gone to pass the day with madame Vinetti, he took an opportunity of learning the state of her heart, and who was the object, to whom she had given it. After much hesitation, and many down-cast looks, Emma confessed her attachment to Howard, and proceeded to tell why their mutual love had not been rewarded.

As her father had not any knowledge of sir James Mordaunt, and as by what he gathered

gathered from Emma's discourse, there was little probability of his consent ever being procured, he could do little more than advise her, not to indulge too sanguine expectations of the completion of her wishes; as he feared a total disappointment might very deeply affect her mind.

“ So mixed, my dear girl,” he said, “ is the good and ill of this life; that what to our view appears with the most flattering aspect, upon nearer acquaintance wears a very different countenance; and many occurrences, which to us have seemed unpleasant, and been the means of dashing our dearest hopes to the ground, are, in the end, productive of real happiness. Let us then take the bad with the good, and alike patiently submitting to either, trust to the author of all good for the disposal of us, as seems best to his supreme wisdom.

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wisdom. Yet let me not repel hope ; it is the bright guide, that leads us to action, and animates us through every path of life. Cherish as much then as will prevent you from being unhappy, but do not give way to it's improbabilities, lest it lead you to misery."

Emma, however, could not regulate her thoughts and wishes by this rule ; she rejoiced in the still constant attachment of her lover ; and in her letter to lady Welwyn, openly declared her's was unshaken for him. Her heart was more at ease, than it had been for some months past. Emily, the rival she most dreaded, was married ; and Howard, unchanged by any circumstances, still fondly avowed his passion for her. Thus satisfied and happy, she was not only cheerful, but gay. Day succeeded day, and each was productive of more pleasure than the

the preceding : but from this dream of happiness, which was too exquisite to last, she was roused by the visible alteration in her father. Both her sister and herself had, for some weeks past, remarked the loss of his appetite ; but now, that real complaint and visible appearance of ailment succeeded, they became seriously alarmed. Yet still they could not prevail on him, to acknowledge himself unwell ; and when they mentioned their fears for his health, and inquired the cause of his dejection, he would assume a temporary appearance of cheerfulness, evade their solicitous questions, and turn the discourse to another subject.

His illness however he could not long deny, and at length yielded to their importunities to have a physician, who had no sooner learned his patient's disorder, than he blamed him for not sooner applying for medical advice, saying, " his disease

was not to be trifled with." His daughters now became so much alarmed, that, giving themselves up to the dread the physician had excited, they anticipated his death with all the horror and despair such an event would occasion. The physician took his leave, and they immediately sent to their friends, who instantly attended their summons. To them they recounted the fears, the doctor had raised. Signor Vinetti smiled—

"Do not, my dears," said he, "anticipate evils; the gentleman you sent to is a perfect doctor Hopeless: let me recommend one, for whose judgment and skill I will be answerable."

They begged him to send directly for him; which he did, though much against captain Manley's inclination: nothing could have induced that gentleman to have admitted

mitted another medical visitor, but to relieve the anxiety of his children.

“To make you, my dearest girls, happy,” said he, “I will do any thing; yet, though I submit to have medical aid, I am well assured my disorder is beyond its reach. Quiet your apprehensions;” for he saw they became still more alarmed. “I do not believe my death is very near, yet I am convinced no great length of time will elapse, ere I shall, I humbly hope and trust, be united to your mother, in the mansions of everlasting rest. Nay, do not weep: in the common course of nature I should go first, and it is only a few years according to the natural term of man’s life, that mine will be shortened. I have endured sorrow and slavery with fortitude; but the tide of joy, with which the discovery of my children has been attended, has

overlet me. I die, therefore, a martyr to my feelings, but I die content. I shall, I trust, have the felicity of closing my eyes in the arms of those, for whom only I can wish to live. I humbly hope, that my penitence has been acceptable to my Creator, and I shall wait with patience for the moment, that will release me from all inquietude."

His children, who sat drowned in tears, now advanced to him, and flinging their arms round him, sobbed out their tears in his bosom. He gently put them from him :

" Hush ! hush ! my dear girls," he continued, " do not, by your agitation, unman me ; the sight of your tender sorrow I am ill able to bear ; you are the only ties that attach me to earth ; for my sake, then, seek rather to loosen than strengthen them.

Come,

Come, be cheerful Emma. Mary, why are you so dull? I hope our separation is not so near, as your apprehensive fears make you imagine. Do not distress yourselves by the anticipation of evil, which may yet be very distant."

The physician signor Vinetti had recommended was now introduced. The ladies would have retired, but their father told them to stay; and forcing a cheerfulness he did not feel, said—

"Doctor, these foolish girls are frightening themselves with apprehensions, which you will find have no foundation."

The doctor felt his pulse:

"You must be kept quiet, sir," said he; "you must not be agitated; I cannot answer for consequences, if you be."

"Good Heaven!" said Emma, "then my father is absolutely in danger!"

“ Ah! dear sir,” cried Mary, “ why would you not sooner have advice? why would you so long delay it?”

“ I cannot, ladies,” replied the doctor, “ permit you thus, by your emotion, to disturb my patient. I grant he is indisposed; but does it follow, because he is so, that he must immediately and inevitably die? Far from thinking him in the dangerous state your fears portend, I shall order him to Pisa, the baths of which place have great efficacy in a disorder of this kind, and I hope will restore him to health. To convince you, that I entertain no idea of his immediate danger, I shall leave it to his own option, either to go now, or a fortnight hence.”

“ Let us go immediately,” said Mary, “ we had better be before than behind time, and the sooner my father begins to drink the waters, the greater will be the probability of his recovery.”

“ Let

“ Let that be as you please,” returned the doctor, smiling, “ though I think you take me either for a very rich, or very disinterested man, that I can so easily permit a wealthy patient to slip through my fingers, before I have made any thing of him : but, that I may gain credit with you for the latter, I shall certainly advise your father, not to delay setting out, longer than necessity requires. Now do not be frightened,” he continued, “ remember I only send your father to Pisa, because I think change of air, and variety of objects, will help to relieve him of the melancholy, which seems to overwhelm him ; and I am sure he cannot fail of doing well, when he has two such charming nurses : this I am certain, that he will be the envy of all the invalides at Pisa ; and I question much, whether half the old, and all the young men in Genoa, would

would not willingly compound for a fit of sickness, to be so attended."

He then took leave. They now urged captain Manley to think of immediately taking the journey. Signor and madame Vinetti joined in the request; promising him, if he did so, they would accompany him, and stay there as long as he did. This was indeed a grateful proposal to both father and daughters. The former rejoiced, that his children would have friends near them, who would be able to protect and console them, when he was unable: his daughters exulted in this addition to their party, knowing how much their father would be cheered by the company of two such valued friends.

Every thing was soon in readiness for their departure, and by slow and easy stages they reached Pisa, where they found very comfortable accommodations. The attention
of

of every one was devoted to the invalide, who after some weeks appeared to mend. Captain Manley, however, fearful the health of his children would suffer by the closeness of their attendance on himself, forced them, by repeated solicitations, to walk and ride out. Madame Vinetti, who used to accompany them, being confined to the house by a cold; and captain Manley taking little exercise beyond his walk to the baths and the garden; Emma and Mary frequently walked alone. In these excursions they had particularly noticed an old gentleman, who, from the first moment of seeing them, had appeared much struck with them. The melancholy of his countenance at first attracted their observation, and the emaciated appearance he wore, with the feebleness and general debility, under which he seemed to labour; in-

sensibly claimed their pity and attention. He in return, had been as much attracted by their appearance; seemed to watch their coming; followed them to the different shops, to which they were going; took every opportunity of speaking to them; and at last joined them in their walks. The singularity of his address, and peculiarity of his manner, could not fail to surprize them. His conversation was sensible, and the subjects he started were such as showed a thorough knowledge of the world; yet, at times, his language was flighty, and sometimes incoherent.

Going one morning into a bookfeller's, they found him there. They took up some books, which lay open upon the counter. Mary read the title of the one which she had taken; it was a novel.

“Touch it not, my dear young friend,” said the old gentleman; “poison is contained

tained within it's leaves ; read not to raise feelings, which will betray you to ruin. O ! I could tell you a sad, sad story of one, who in early life was, like you, the picture of innocence : did you but know it, how would your tender hearts bleed for her. I have wept for them and for myself, till I have drained all the sluices of my tears, and they now deny their relief : but I must not proceed. Alas ! I too have suffered ; suffered as I deserved. O ! could the past be recalled, I might yet know comfort ; but that, alas ! is fled, never, never, to return."

He then quitted the shop, and they took that opportunity of inquiring of the bookseller, who he was ; but their curiosity was not satisfied, the man not being able to give them the information they wanted, as he was a new comer in Pisa.

Emma

Emma and Mary returned home more than ever interested for the stranger, and determined, if possible, to bring about an acquaintance betwixt him and their father, whose curiosity was powerfully excited, by the description they gave of him. The pity of signor and madame Vinetti, as well as the desire they felt of being acquainted with the stranger, operated so far as to make captain Manley comply with his daughters desire of attending them in their next walk.

The next day proving remarkably fine, they set out for the purpose, but had nearly completed their walk, without the object of it being visible. Captain Manley, who felt himself much fatigued by it, proposed resting at the bookseller's. They consented; and having made such purchases as they thought

thought proper, and stopped till captain Manley was refreshed, were preparing to return home, much disappointed at not having seen the stranger. They were about quitting the shop, when he entered; and, bowing to Emma and Mary, began speaking to them. Captain Manley was at that instant in discourse with the bookseller, from which he was roused, by Emma saying, "Dear sir, here is the gentleman we mentioned." Her father turning his head, his eye immediately caught that of the stranger. Those of a basilisk could not have had greater effect; he sunk into a seat, that was near him, and but for a heavy groan, which escaped, might have been supposed dead. His daughters flew to his assistance, while the stranger stood like a statue; every nerve and muscle extended, his eyes gazed with a wild stupor: in short, he seemed

seemed unconscious of every thing, that was passing. Signor and madame Vinetti had but an instant before left the shop, to speak to a lady that was passing; the bookseller, seeing the situation of the gentleman, ran after them; they were easily overtaken, when, with looks of affright and terrour, he begged them to hasten back. They instantly did so: the first object that caught their attention was captain Manley, apparently dead, in the arms of his children; and the stranger, with a look of inconceivable horror, gazing at him. The entrance of signor and madame Vinetti seemed, however, to draw his thoughts more together; and he soon recovered sufficiently to understand, that the distraction and distress of Emma and her sister was for their father. He advanced to them, and with a look of majesty, blended with austerity,

terity, pointed to their parent, and sternly demanded, if that villain were their father?

Mary, to whom this speech was particularly addressed, answered him, saying,

“ Who are you, sir, that shall dare to call the best and tenderest of fathers by such an appellation?”

“ Who am I?” replied the stranger, with a look that at once pierced and softened her; “ ask him who I am; and let me ask you, who are you? O!” said he, dropping on one knee, “ if you be, as my heart tells me, the child of my Selina, I am indeed—”

Here his agitation became too great for utterance, and the bookseller seeing, that he was near fainting, led him into an inner room, and seated him on a sofa.

Captain

Captain Manley now being in some degree recovered, attempted to leave the house ; but feeling he was inadequate to the attempt, suffered his friends to lead him also into the inner room, to escape the eyes of the crowd, which had gathered round the door. Here again he encountered those of the stranger, whose distress was redoubled at the sight of him.

“ Is it not sufficient, sir,” said he to him, with a voice expressive only of indignation, “ that you have murdered my child, but you now come to kill me with the sight of yourself ?”

“ O no, no, sir,” replied captain Manley, in an agony, that almost prevented utterance ; “ for worlds would I not add a crime of that nature, to those I have already committed : look on me with less abhorrence,

rence, while you hear me swear, there is no species of penance I would not suffer, no trial, however severe, that I would not undergo, to obtain your pardon. When you shall hear, if you will deign to listen to the sad recital of my life, you will find my sufferings have been as severe, as my most bitter enemy could wish. For God's sake, my lord," he continued, "do not increase my afflictions, by adding your displeasure to the weight of them. Behold me just sinking into a grave, that already yawns to receive me. See me, my lord, emaciated by sickness, reduced by despair, to a state little short of perfect imbecility. No sooner have I recovered the blessing of my children, than the hand of death, as if envious of my felicity, is extended to seize me, and the cold bosom of the earth is opened to embrace me.

"These

“These girls, my lord, are the offspring of your Selina. - Can you look at them, and withhold your pardon from their father? My children,” said he, turning to his daughters, who before had guessed what was really the case, “this is your grandfather, the father of your suffering mother; reverence him as such, and kneel to him: he cannot be deaf to your intreaties; the voice of nature will plead with you.”

Mary and Emma instantly obeyed, and essayed to kneel to him; but ere they could accomplish their design, the earth overcome by surprize and terrour, fainted away. The usual remedies were applied; they indeed recovered him, but he again relapsed: in this situation, they thought it best to convey him home; he was therefore conveyed to captain Manley’s lodgings, and immediately put to bed, his own man being
sent

sent for to attend him. The agitation he had undergone threw him into a fever, which increased with such rapidity, as to raise fears for his life. With his fever came on delirium, during which he constantly raved of his daughter, of his cruelty towards her; then broke out in execrations of himself, of lady Aulange, whom he called the fiend, that had made him forswear his child. His thoughts now again reverted to the scene he had so lately gone through; then he would, in strong terms, reproach captain Manley, for first seducing his child from her duty, and then leaving her exposed to want. Nature could not long sustain the violence of this delirium: from raving he sunk to silence; his eyes became dull, heavy, and unanimated; he soon became unconscious of every thing
about

about him, and a total insensibility succeeded.

The physician, who had before been summoned, was again sent to ; and gave it as his opinion, that a short period would determine his fate. Captain Manley heard this sentence with the most heart-felt sorrow :

“ Alas !” said he, “ when will my work be finished ? Am I not the chief author of all this ruin ? but for me his child might have still been here to bless him ! How senseless and inanimate he lies, without the least ray of reason, with a worn-out and emaciated frame and constitution, too weakened to struggle with his disorders. O ! villain that I am, where will the sorrows that my unhappy conduct has occasioned end ? Great God !” and he sunk on his knees

knees by the bedside ; “ release me from this misery : join, my children, join your prayer to mine ; yours may be acceptable, mine I fear to make.”

Emma, Mary, and madame Vinetti, now kneeled by the side of the bed, when captain Manley, with a countenance impressive, sensible, and awful, and with a deep and firm tone, said—

“ Almighty Father, hear our prayers for this poor sufferer, now on the verge of eternity ! Short, if it shall please thee to make them so, be his pains ; sweeten his passage with hopes thou only canst instill ; and, released from the sufferings incident to mortality, may his spirit become partaker of the blessings thy promises afford.”

Here he stopped, his voice faltered ; he looked at the poor pale image before him ;

him; saw it was with difficulty he respired; the hand of death seemed already upon him.

Again the physician attended. Captain Manley, in an agony, demanded his opinion.

“The disorder is now near it’s height,” replied the doctor, “let us wait with patience; there is yet one symptom in his favour.”

Every one eagerly demanded what it was.

“His pulse, though languid, is regular; nor is he at all convulsed.”

Animated by these hopes, they anxiously waited for the expected crisis: at length they had the pleasure to hear the physician pronounce the danger over; that he had no longer doubts of his recovery; and that quietness and good nursing would soon restore him.

To

To prevent his receiving either surprize or agitation, it was concluded, that Abel, the earl's man, should be the first that presented himself; but lord Delmore, exhausted by his late sufferings, maintained a voluntary silence, and it was not till after two days had expired, that he began to question him as to his situation.

"Where am I, Abel? Have I been in a dream, or is it a delightful reality? I have seen the children of my injured child; nay, and her husband: it cannot be a dream; the recollection is too strong, and the circumstances too connected for fancy."

"It is not fancy, my lord," replied his man; "you have really seen the children of lady Selina; those young ladies, you were used to admire so much, are your grand-daughters."

“Gracious and good God!” exclaimed the earl, “but do not deceive me, Abel; can it be? is it really so? This is joy, delight, pleasure unexpected. Go, fly, bring them to me, that I may feast my eyes upon my children.”

“Calm your transports, my lord; your spirits are yet unequal to the fatigue and agitation of an interview. Let me presume to beg your lordship will wait until to-morrow.”

The earl sighed—

“To-morrow; no, I cannot reflect upon what I have suffered; and if you have the smallest love for me, you will not even wish longer to deny me the sight of them.”

Miss Manleys were at length introduced. Slowly, and with extreme caution, they approached the bed, fearful of creating too
much

much emotion in their venerable grandfather: he bent forward, pushed aside the curtain, extended his arm to receive them, and burst into an agony of tears. Abel would fain have had them retire, apprehensive of his lordship's strength to support himself through this emotion; but he evidently struggled with his feelings, and tried to conquer their violence: he laid hold of their hands, kissed them, called them the blessed representatives of his injured child; besought their forgiveness, and in theirs hers. Emma and Mary could only sob out their thankfulness for his acknowledgment of them; besought him to be composed, to suffer them to attend him, and by their care, soothe and comfort the remainder of his days.

"I am unworthy of it," he replied;
"unworthy of the blessings I now enjoy.

I that could desert an only child, and in the hour of misery leave her exposed to want; could see her consigned to the grave, and yet deny my protection to her children! After such a letter too as she wrote; after knowing how long, and how sincerely she had repented her fault, my crime is yet heavier than hers. How shall I expect mercy, that showed none? How expect forgiveness, who knew it but by name? But tell me, my restored and long sought for children, where were you, and by what means came you here? Blessed God!" and with a fervent and animated look he raised his eyes to Heaven; "how inscrutable are thy ways; how mysterious thy designs: what blessings did not thy bounty reserve for me! O give me, great Creator, a grateful and a thankful heart. You," said he, looking stedfastly at Mary, "are indeed

indeed the child of my Selina : never was there a stronger likeness. And "you, my dear," said he to Emma, "have all the sweetness and softness of her countenance. Good God!" he continued, lifting up his clasped hands; "and are you indeed her children? surely, surely, such exquisite pleasure cannot be for me; it must be a dream; it is too transporting for reality."

His domestic now perceived, that his mind was yet too weak to bear this conflict; and made a motion to miss Manleys to withdraw. Little less affected than himself, they immediately retired, and returned to their father, who begged them, when they were again admitted, to request an interview in his name.

"But be gentle, my children," he continued; "his health is yet suspended but by a slender thread, and I tremble lest it

should again be endangered; represent my penitence to him; tell him a very short time, and the object of his hatred will be for ever removed from his sight; that he only wishes to be reconciled to him, and then quietly sink to everlasting sleep."

"O! do not talk thus, my dear father," said Emma; "do not fill our minds with this dreadful idea. Many, many years of health and felicity, I hope, are yet in store for you, to enjoy, in the reconciled affection of the earl, the company of your children. Damp not our hopes by such gloomy presages, but strive to live for us, who can so ill spare you."

"Except yourselves, my dear children," replied captain Manley, "earth has nothing, for which I desire to live. This is a subject, on which I have longed to talk with you; I wished to prepare your minds
with

with fortitude against the stroke they will receive; but the fiat has gone forth; a very few weeks, perhaps days, and I shall be numbered with the dead. My health, before weakened, was little able to sustain the tide of joy, with which the restoration of you, my dear girls, was attended: it has now received a shock of a different nature, I mean, the accidental rencounter with your grandfather; from that hour I have been sinking; yet, for your sakes, life has become so sweet, that I would willingly preserve it. I am a man and a father, and feel I cannot part with my so lately found children, without experiencing sensations, which, as a christian, I would wish to subdue."

Emma and Mary could not bear to hear him talk of his death with such calmness; they threw themselves into his arms,

and wept with bitterness ; the tears of their father, for a while, accompanied theirs, but recollecting himself, he raised them, and continued.—

“ Be composed, my children, and hear with calmness what I have to say. To you I look for fortitude in the trying hour, which is approaching ; I would fain comfort you, but I am a mortal. Alas ! I cannot give what I so much fear I shall myself want, yet I hope, through the mercies of that great Being, whose bounties I can never doubt, that my mind and heart will be prepared for the change. Unfeigned has been my repentance ; I trust it has been accepted ; and that that God, before whom my doom will be pronounced, will pardon my faults, and grant me happiness hereafter.”

His

His children, who were almost drowned in tears, accused the unkindness of fate, in so soon reclaiming the parent it had bestowed.

“ Be not rash, my dear girls,” replied their father, “ or accuse fate, for in that you are censuring a power, that can never err : but rather learn to consider my death as a blessing. Be thankful, my children, that Providence has raised you up another and more powerful friend ; and that just at the eve of my being taken from you. Never, never, my dear girls, repine at the decrees of that Being, whose study it is, to promote the happiness of his creatures. Let your understandings have fair play, and your justice predominate, and you will find how much reason every hour affords you, to bless the bounties of your Creator. Reflect by what a chain of unforeseen events

our unexpected meeting has taken place ; the same in regard to your grandfather : and think you not, that this was the immediate work of Providence, who conducted you through every change of life, purposely to bring you to the present hour ?

“ Mark with what scrupulous exactness the system of retributive justice is arranged. Your mother, acting contrary to the duty she owed her parent, suffered inexpressible sorrows, and died with the malediction of a father on her head ; a malediction with which she long struggled, and which, at an early age, sunk her to the tomb. Your grandfather, whose obstinacy drove an only child to disobedience, and who so cruelly denied his forgiveness, and so steadily persevered in it, see pursued by a malady, which not only affected his health, but his reason ; and constantly lamenting her, whom,

whom, had he sheltered under his paternal roof, might yet have been here, and by her presence and affection have mitigated his sufferings. As for myself, behold in me the finishing of a dissolute life. The same retributive justice drags me to the tomb. Through every scene of existence has the arm of an offended Providence pursued me ; and I am taught to bless every evil, with which I have been oppressed, since they have led to so happy a conclusion, and brought my mind into the frame it now enjoys. I look forward with hope, to the conclusion of a life, that has been one scene of profligacy and misfortune. Not an evil have I endured, but I deserved to suffer. My repentance has been heart-felt, and I firmly believe the sincerity of it has expiated part of my offences : for the more deadly remainder, I must rest my

cause upon the mercy of him, who died for mankind. I know the goodness of the Almighty never formed a creature purposely for misery, and that where time is given for repentance, and used for it's purposes, it will be accepted. Cease then, my children, cease to repine at decrees that are uncontrollable, and reflect when the grave is made ready to receive me, that my prospects of futurity are, through the goodness of my Saviour, far happier than I had any right to expect.

“ Go, now, my dears ; this conversation, though it has relieved, has unmanned me : to-morrow, or in the afternoon, when you again visit the earl, make my request known to him ; tell him, to receive his pardon will sweeten the hours of death ; and that my few remaining days of existence shall be consecrated to him. Tell him any thing, every thing,

thing, the natural goodness and feeling of your hearts dictate, and enforce my petition with all the energy and eloquence of which you are mistresses."

"We will do every thing, you can wish, my dearest father," said Emma, but "do not talk of dying; O live, try to live for us, try to be well; do not give way to this gloomy presentiment; surely you are not so bad as you think; suffer us to send for the physician; he will prescribe something for your relief; he may hit upon some medicine, that may yet be of service to you."

"No, no, my dear," replied her father, "there is no remedy in all the materia medica for a broken heart; vain is medicine in such a case; and the art of a physician is of no avail. But leave me, my children; leave me for the present; I am discom-

discomposed; suffer me to collect myself; remember I call upon you for fortitude. Though the tears you shed are those of affection, I cannot bear to see them. I frankly own, that the sight of your grief deprives me of all strength of mind; you are the loadstones, which attract me to earth; but for you, not a wish or desire would be here." He then requested them to leave him; this they did, and in their own chamber gave indulgence to their grief.

"From one melancholy scene," said Mary, "we proceed to another. Can any be more heart-rending, than that we have just experienced? Ah! my dear Emma, how soon shall we be deprived of the best of fathers! How soon shall we again be orphans, and even more desolate than before. Alas! how hard is our lot; no sooner having
ing

ing experienced the blessing and indulgence of a father, than to have him torn from us !”

“ Hush, my dear Mary,” replied her sister, “ do not repine ; remember what our father has just been saying ; and do not let us call that destiny hard, which is brought about by the unerring hand of Providence. Let us be grateful, that our grandfather is restored, and adore the mercies of that supreme Being, who has not destined both our new found parents to the tomb. Yet, believe me, my dear Mary, it is not from any want of feeling I talk thus, for no one will more deeply feel the loss of a fond parent than myself, or will it be possible for any one to regret him more ; yet, though I know the trial, when it comes, will be severe, yet I shall endeavour to be grateful to the Almighty for supplying his place
with

with so near a relative. But why should we thus give way to our fears? Our father may yet recover; he may get over the shock his sensibility has sustained; and, united in the bonds of friendship and cordiality with the earl, we may have him for many years to bless and counsel us."

"Heaven grant it," replied her sister, "but I confess I am without hope; there was a hollowness, a deadness in his voice, when he spoke, that gave me the greatest alarm; and his eyes appeared so sunk, his frame so tottering and emaciated; indeed, indeed Emma, these signs fill my mind with dread, and my heart with despair."

Emma tried to comfort her sister, but, unable to control the violence of feeling, with which her own bosom was oppressed, she could only mingle her tears with hers. Thus they remained, till they were again summoned

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moned to attend the earl, who could now scarcely bear them from his sight. The first shock being over, he received them with more calmness; he conversed with them on several subjects, relative to where they had been, and how they came into Italy. Having received all the information he wished, he proceeded to talk of the fortunate chance, that had guided them to each other. Then, mentioning his early presentiment in their favour :

“ Let no one say,” he continued, “ that natural affection does not speak in favour of an unknown object. I am a proof to the contrary; the sensations I always experienced, when I saw, and when I quitted you, were such as I could feel only for my child; such as I have felt, when, after an absence of any time, my Selina has returned to me. These sensations in one memorable moment

moment of my life I shall never forget ; it was when your mother, with you my Emma, in her arms, for the first time after her unhappy marriage, appeared before me, to implore my pardon for her fault, and the revocation the curse I had entailed upon her : but, delicious as the emotion was, I refused to acknowledge it's power, and cruelly forbad her my house and sight for ever. Once more only after that did I see my child ; see her at a masquerade, in a situation, that but ill agreed with the principles of virtue, it had been her mother's and my pride to instil. I made no allowance for her youth and inexperience, but, regarding her as totally lost, at one moment resolved to leave her to her fate ; the next, pride and the honour of my family, forbade my so doing. I had her conveyed home, and although she was fainting, and indeed scarcely existing,

existing, I was so barbarous, as to leave her wholly to the care of servants, rather than risk the chance of being softened by her tears. This was the last hour I ever saw her; she was hurried into Wales, nor did I, till a few weeks previous to her death, know any thing more about her; but my unnatural conduct has been severely punished. O! were it but possible to recal the past, with how much pleasure would I take my child to my heart, and try to make her future life happy."

Here he stopped, his emotions not permitting him to proceed; and Emma, after they had a little subsided, said:

"Will you, dear sir, permit us, in the name of her whose memory you so regret, allow us to intercede for one, who longs to be admitted to see you; who
dreads

dreads to ask, yet is miserable until he obtains your forgiveness?"

"Tell me, my dear children," replied the earl, "for whom this petition is preferred, and see my readiness to make amends for my past conduct, by the alacrity, with which I will comply with your request."

"'Tis for one, sir," returned Emma, "who for many years has been reckoned among the dead; who has experienced the justice and severity of fortune; who escaped the horrors of war, but to taste still increased woe; who, for near ten years, suffered all the torments of slavery, and all the miseries the caprice, power, and wanton barbarity of an infidel could inflict."

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The earl listened in mute astonishment, unknowing for whom he was thus solicited, or who had endured such misfortunes. A faint idea, however, soon crossed his mind; the confused remembrance, that he had of what had lately passed, now reverted to his recollection; he waited in breathless agitation to hear a name disclosed, the very sound of which had been discord to him.

“ ’Tis for no less a person, sir,” continued Emma, “ than for our father, the repentant husband of our much regretted mother, the so lately found parent of her children, who, with a broken constitution, emaciated frame, and heart overcharged with grief, seeks to obtain the pardon of his children’s grandfather. O ! sir,” each kneeling and taking a hand of him, “ if our mother ever were, if we be dear to you, suffer us to prevail :

prevail: view our father with eyes of kindness; grant him your forgiveness, and not only he, but we will bless you for your goodness. He is ill, very ill; the symptoms of dissolution are rapidly increasing, he waits but for your pardon, to lay his head down quietly in the grave."

The earl shuddered. To forgive the man, by whom his cup of happiness had been dashed to the ground; to forgive the libertine and unprincipled Manley, was, he thought, an offence to virtue; it was an insult to the memory of his daughter. He paused, hesitated, unwilling to concede, unwilling to deny; till urged by the repeated intercessions of his granddaughters, and unable to resist their tears, he agreed to see their father: they hastened away to communicate to him the success of their commission, but were shocked, past all expression,

pression, on entering the room, to see him fainting in the arms of his servant.

“What is the matter du Croq; for God’s sake tell us; has any thing happened to my father during our absence? Has any thing discomposed him; that we see him in this state?”

“Nothing, ladies,” replied the man; “my master for several nights past, after he has retired, has been seized in this way, but he always forbade my calling you, or mentioning it, fearful of giving you too great an alarm. Madame Vinetti has been sitting with him, ever since you went to the earl, but seeing his countenance change, rang the bell; I came, and she is gone now for something to relieve him.”

Emma and Mary regarded, in mute sorrow, the object before them: the change in his appearance was now become so visible, that

that they no longer doubted, how his illness would terminate. Lifting him, however, from the arms of his servant, they supported him, while they hurried away du Croq for the physician. Madame Vinetti now returned, and administered such remedies, as she thought would be effectual, but for a length of time his insensibility baffled every effort, and it was not till after the most powerful means had been employed, that life appeared again to animate him. He was then put to bed, where, for several days, he continued so weak and low, as scarcely to be able to speak, or answer any one. His eyes, however, beamed with all the joy he was sensible of feeling, when his children were with him; and they divided their time between him and the earl, who was now able to sit up, and sometimes walk about his chamber. Madame

Vinetti

Vinetti was the friend and comforter of both the invalides, and to her the children of captain Manley clung as to a chief support. Her husband had been obliged to return to Genoa; but, finding how things were going on, she sent express for him. He immediately attended her summons, and his presence was no little relief to his lady and her disconsolate young friends.

On the ninth day after his sudden fainting, captain Manley felt himself so far better, that he entered into conversation with his children, and desired to know whether the earl had granted his request.

“He has, sir,” said Mary.

“Then let me be conveyed to his room.”

“No, sir,” replied his daughter, “that must not be; the earl, I am sure, will attend you; he is now well enough to walk about, and has even changed his

apartment; he will, therefore, come to you."

"No, my dear," returned the captain, "that is a favour I dare not expect he will grant; if he allow me to wait upon him, I shall be satisfied: with a little assistance I may be born to his chamber."

Mary communicated her father's intention to her sister and madame Vinetti, and they agreed to prevail on lord Delmore, to visit his son-in-law. The earl, finding the necessity of the case, cheerfully consented. Madame Vinetti went to prepare her friend for this visit. It was long before captain Manley could conquer the agitation he felt at sight of the earl, who slowly, both from weakness and inclination, advanced towards the bed. Emma and Mary were standing on one side, signior and madame Vinetti at the feet, and the earl was assisted

assisted to a chair, which was placed ready for him by the side of captain Manley.

The poor sick man tried to raise himself in the bed, to welcome him; he essayed to speak, but failing in the attempt, his head sunk on the pillow. The earl of Delmore could not behold the object, which now presented itself, without recollection of the past; busy memory again brought those scenes to view, meditation on which had annihilated his reason. The sight of captain Manley, in health, he could have born; but the sick, pale countenance of the poor invalide; the dying eye, and pleading expression of it, there was no resisting. The earl mechanically offered his hand, while his sobs and broken expressions told what he felt. The offered hand was eagerly seized; the dying man pressed it to his lips,

held it there for some moments, while the emphatical expression of his countenance significantly explained his silence.

Every spectator of this scene was dumb: the grave could not have been more so. The awe, the grief, the feeling, with which each was oppressed, forbade words: to have spoken, would have robbed nature of her triumph. But silence could not be long maintained; the gently falling tear, which traced it's way down the cheeks of Emma and Mary, the anxiety they felt to restrain it, grew to a faint sigh: one more loud than the other succeeded, till an hysterical sob, which escaped captain Manley, gave relief to this mute sorrow. Fearful of his suffering by this scene, they both forgot their own grief, to attend to him: a cordial, timely administered, recalled his

his shattered spirits, and he soon became so far recovered, as to address the earl.

“Thank you, my lord,” he said, “for honouring me with this visit: thank you for this proof of a forgiveness, I hope you will not deny ratifying. I am going, my lord, to that ‘bourn, from whence no traveller returns.’ I could not leave this world quietly, without soliciting and obtaining your pardon for what has passed. Your early views and schemes for your daughter’s happiness I defeated. I seek not to palliate my faults: I know I was the undeserving husband of the best of women. I recollect, with heart-felt anguish, the enormities of which I have been guilty. I see myself the author of ruin and calamity to you, and to your family; yet, my lord, I presume to solicit your forgive-

ness. A few hours, and the vital spark will be extinct, and my errors, with myself, be consigned to the tomb. Then withhold not your pardon, or it may come too late; and let my penitence, my sufferings, atone for my past faults."

"Enough, sir," replied the earl; "to see any man reduced to the state in which you are, would excite pity and feeling in the coldest breast. Once more receive my hand, as a pledge of my forgiveness. That your professions of sorrow for the past are sincere, I cordially believe; but look forward with hope to your recovery, and we shall, I hope, be happy in the comfortable reflection, that our children are living to bless us. You, sir, have less to accuse yourself with than I have; yours were the faults of youth, mine those of reflection: but let us not advert to the past; we have
both

both been punished: we have been the greatest sufferers, because we are convinced we have deserved the sorrow, with which we have been afflicted; but as we have seen our errors, let us hope, that time will be given us to improve by them."

" Ah! sir," returned captain Manley, " that you may have all the time you wish; that the remainder of your days may be spent in the bosom of happiness, is my fervent prayer: but, for myself, I have a monitor within, that warns me not to lose a moment. Very, very soon will all my earthly sorrows be terminated. I bless God I look forward, with some degree of hope, to the pleasures of a better life: but for my children, all anxiety for the world and its objects would be done away; they are the cords, that bind me to life: yet, since we have been so fortunate as to meet you,

even these are weakened. They are the children of your Selina, your once loved child: in her name they sue to you for a protection, which I shall soon be unable to give."

"Most willingly, most gratefully, will I give it," returned the earl: "from this moment they are mine: my house, fortune, life, are all devoted to them; to make them happy, and to see them so, will be the greatest felicity I can experience. Come, then, my dear, my so long deserted children, come to my arms, which, like my heart, are open to receive you. O! blessed spirit of my child, look down from those bright mansions, of which thou art an inhabitant, and witness with what sincerity and joy thy father receives and acknowledges thy children as his own!"

Emma and Mary now advanced towards him:

him: their father made a sign to them to draw near; a faint joy beamed in his eyes; when, taking a hand of each, he joined them with the earl's:—

“Receive them, my lord, as yours: may their duty and affection compensate for the many unhappy hours you have experienced, their tender sollicitude watch over your declining years; and when your final hour shall arrive, may you have the satisfaction of drawing your last sigh in their arms: by them, my lord, may you be sweetly, but not bitterly, mourned, when, full of years, you are translated to a better world.

“To you, my children, I would say much, but the power is denied me. Be grateful, be dutiful, to your grandfather: study his ease, consult his wishes: remember, that it remains with you, to obliterate the remembrance of your parent's faults.

faults. Death, my dear girls, advances with hasty strides; a few short hours, and I shall be as nothing; the world and its vanities will have vanished from my sight; even my affection for you will be extinct."

He paused; the exertion and agitation he had undergone had so far exhausted him, that it was with difficulty he could be kept from fainting. The earl of Delmore stood mournfully gazing at him; he contemplated him with a degree of sorrow and feeling, he could scarcely think it possible to entertain for a man he had hitherto so strongly detested. Again the dying man recovered; his dim eyes turned upon his children, and from them to the earl. Lord Delmore understood his meaning:—

"Manley," said he, with a firm voice, "be composed; receive my most solemn promise, that, while I have breath, these

dear girls shall never want a father or a friend."

"Thank you, my lord; God bless you for your goodness to us all. My friends," and he looked toward signor and madame Vinetti, "if in this life we should not again meet, receive the prayers of a dying man; that your days may be one unclouded scene of felicity; that, happy in yourselves, beloved by your families, your lives may be spun out to a venerable length of years; and that, when the voice of tired nature shall call you to the tomb, you may sink gently, but not painfully, into it. For you, my dear children," and he fixed his now dim eyes upon the almost heart-broken girls, "the blessing of a dying parent, whose latter hours you have sweetened, rest upon you. Be dutiful to your grand-

father, affectionate to each other, and grateful to your friends. In whatever station of life you are placed, study to act your parts with propriety; not born away by the current of fashion, or overwhelmed by the waves of dissipation, but, with firm minds, endeavour to stem those torrents of vice and folly, which are so dangerous to youth and inexperience. Peace light upon your heads, my children; virtue and honour be your guides; long, very, very long, may you live to bless the world by your virtues. May your children's children be known to you, and, like me, may you have the felicity of drawing your last breath in the arms of those, for whom your hearts feel the fondest affection."

Here he ceased. The now suppressed sigh rose to a general sob. His children
threw

threw themselves on his bed, and bathed his face with their tears. They would have wiped them away :—

“ No, my dears,” he said, “ no, I cannot part with these drops ; they are the precious embalmings of virtue ; good girls, dear beloved offspring of the best of women, with whom I shortly hope to be again reunited. One request more, my lord, but this one, and then all is over : suffer my earthly part to be deposited by the side of your child, my wife.”

The earl could not speak ; his eyes, which streamed with tears, were bent upon the face of captain Manley ; he emphatically pressed his hand, his voice refusing utterance : the intention, however, was understood.

“ Thank you, my lord,” faintly articulated the sufferer ; “ I shall now die in peace.

peace. Leave me, my good friends, leave me for the present; I would wish to receive the last rites of religion; afterwards, if Heaven spare me for a few moments longer, they will be made happy in spending them with you."

They quitted the room, too much grieved to partake of the society of each other, and retired to their own apartments, which they did not leave, till they were again summoned to attend captain Manley. Though it was not more than two hours, since they left him, they were astonished and shocked at the alteration in his countenance, which now wore the most death-like appearance. He was still sensible, and held out his hands to his children, who tenderly kissed them. His voice, which was much broken, became very indistinct, and he spoke so inwardly, they could scarcely understand him.

him. They sat with him through the night: towards morning he fell into a doze, and awakened much refreshed.

"I have seen her," said he, in a low and faltering voice; "I have seen her; she invited me to join her. Yes, pure spirit! I attend you. Emma, Mary, a few moments longer, and all will be over. Unite your hands under my head. There—so—that will do—I breathe easier. I go, my dear children, I go to the region of bliss; the pure spirit of your blessed mother has invited me."

There was something in the look and manner of captain Manley, that spoke internal happiness. Once more he begged to see all his friends; they attended.

"I sent for you," said he, in broken and interrupted accents, "I sent for you, to convince you, that I die happy: the
word
assurances

assurances I have received—declare, that I shall soon, very soon—shall I shake off—this frail food of corruption—to become a participator in the joys of Heaven. My repentance has been accepted; I die assured of future bliss. Come, death, welcome visitor, come, release me from this load of mortality.”

His voice faltered: his eyes, now faintly illuminated by the lamp of life, were fixed upon his children: he made an effort to embrace them; the effort was too much: he sunk upon his pillow—

“Bless, God bless, protect, support, my ———.”

More he would have said, but he was already within the grasp of that despotic monarch, whose ravening touch separates the finest, closest drawn links of affection: one convulsive struggle only gave notice
how

how near he was to his dissolution. Again his closed eyes opened to behold the objects most dear to him: in a few moments they lost all expression: the hand, that was enclosed in those of his children, dropped from their touch, and in that moment the last sigh escaped him.

Let us draw a veil over the scene that ensued: suffice it to say, that all, that the most tenderly affectionate children could feel upon the death of a parent, was felt by miss Manleys; they kissed the clay-cold lips of their father; they contemplated his death-spread countenance with almost broken hearts; till Mary, overcome by her feelings, was conveyed out of the room; and Emma, once more kissing the pale corpse of her father, said,

“ Yet this once only, this once more, and then I shall never again see the form
of

of a parent so loved and so revered as my father. Short has been our acquaintance; but every moment of it you have improved by useful lessons. Where now shall your children find comfort? Father of mercies," and she kneeled down, taking the lifeless hand, that was extended on the bed, "let the prayers, the petitions of a dying parent for his children, be accepted by thee; strengthened by thy power, may our hearts feel, and steps be guided, by those virtues, which lead to everlasting happiness." Then again kissing the dead hand, cheeks, and lips of her dead parent, she burst into an agony of tears, and left the room.

It was not till after some days, that this little party reassembled: the shock they had received was visible in every countenance. The servant had heedlessly placed the chair, in which captain Manley usually sat: it was
unoccupied:

unoccupied : his daughters saw and felt it ; they looked at each other, then at the chair ; the tenderest string of their affections was touched ; it's vibration was felt on every heart. Signor Vinetti instantly put away his own seat, and took the empty one. The eyes of Emma and Mary glistened with tears, which this kind attention chased away. With their looks they thanked their friend ; their voices were inadequate to the attempt.

Lord Delmore, who had ordered the body of captain Manley to be embalmed, now proposed quitting Pisa ; and to amuse the melancholy of his children, purposed carrying them to Venice, Rome, Naples, and most of the great Italian cities. At any other time this proposal would have been gladly accepted, but at present they did not wish to leave Genoa, to which place they

they were to return: nor indeed could their company for some time be dispensed with, their father's affairs requiring their presence. His fortune, except legacies of five hundred pounds to signor and madame Vinetti, and the same sum to Mr. Davis, of Llanbeder, with remembrances to his servants, was to be equally divided between his daughters; and as it was lodged in the Genoese bank, they were obliged to stay till it could be settled: they returned, therefore, in a few days to Genoa, to the house of their friends, as Villa Rosa, with its furniture, was to be sold.

Genoa was not a place calculated to lessen the melancholy, under which they laboured; and the earl seeing them hourly give way to dejection, pressed signor Vinetti, who was appointed their guardian under their father's will, to hasten the settlement

tlement of their concerns, that they might shortly depart.

The body of captain Manley had, by contrary winds, been detained in the harbour of Genoa; his daughters, out of a respect and affection they thought due to his memory, wished to accompany it to England, and see the last solemn rites performed. After the kind proposal the earl had made, they did not like to mention their wish to him, but to madame Vinetti, as the friend upon whose prudence they could rely, they trusted for making it known to him. She seized the first opportunity of complying with their request; the earl immediately consented, saying, "he should never object, to their paying every proper respect to the memory of their father; that it was a plan he had more than once thought of proposing; but from the
fear,

fear, that it might be too painful a trial for their feelings to undergo."

When he next saw them, he told them, "that he had a pleasure in complying with any request they might make, that should not be totally unreasonable: at the same time, my dear girls," said he, addressing them kindly, but gravely, "another time speak for yourselves. I love you too well, to deny you any thing you wish; and it seems, by asking madame Vinetti to speak for you, as if you supposed she had more influence with me than yourselves. I am not offended," seeing them look hurt at his manner, "only jealous, that you should imagine I would grant that to another, which I would not to you."

They thanked him for his attention to their pleasure, and in a short time afterwards, all their affairs being settled, they prepared

prepared to quit Genoa. The parting between them and signor and madame Vinetti, was the parting of true friends; they accompanied them on board the vessel, which was to convey them to England, and at length, with difficulty, and unfeigned sorrow, quitted them with tears and embraces, under promises of punctual correspondence, and everlasting friendship.

The wind was fair, and the ship, slightly skimming the surface of the deep, soon conveyed them out of sight of Genoa. And now really embarked for England, the heart of Emma began to feel ten thousand sensations, hopes, and fears, that none but a lover can know. Howard Mordaunt, dressed in all the charms, with which love and hope could decorate him, was the only object visible to the mind of Emma. To find him still constant, to receive his vows,

to

to hear him confess her still unrivalled power over his heart, were thoughts, that brought happiness with them. Plunged in the bliss of this delightful picture, her grief for her father began to subside, and while, with all the ardour natural to youth, she anticipated the thousand pleasures yet in store for her, she soon began to recover her native cheerfulness.

Another circumstance combined, to make their voyage particularly agreeable; which, but for the knowledge that the dead body of their father was with them, would have been highly so; but this idea crept before every other, and the daughters of captain Manley could not enjoy, or give way to the pleasant ideas many concurring circumstances excited, while this melancholy memento was still before them. Lord Delmore had engaged the whole of the cabin for himself

self and suite ; but, at the intercession of the captain, had agreed to permit a gentleman, whom pressing business called to England, to take his passage with them. This gentleman, about eight and twenty, was pleasing in his person, sensible in his conversation, lively, polite, and agreeable in his manners, which bespoke the man of fashion. The death of his father called him to his native country, and he was introduced to our party as lord Eland.

Lord Delmore knew the title ; he knew also the family, which was both ancient and respectable. So pleasant an addition to their company could not but be agreeable to the sisters ; and the wit and spirit of their companion often beguiled them of their sorrows, and cheated the way of it's length. He was particularly attentive to Mary, whose youthful beauty was considerably

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derably heightened by the fable dress she wore; and he had not been with them a week, before his partiality to her became evident.

In passing the coasts of Spain and Portugal, the wind blew with such violence on shore, that they were in great danger of being wrecked. The captain and crew exerted themselves all in their power, but the ship made so much lee-way, that there was no prospect but of her being driven upon the rocks. The night was dark and rainy; the tempest howled dreadfully around them; nothing but death seemed awaiting them: the terrified girls were minutely in expectation of either being dashed to pieces on the rocks, or being ingulphed in the bosom of the sea.

The conversation of lord Eland, his tender solicitude to remove their apprehensions,

sions, and subdue their fears, recommended him forcibly to them; they sat each of them clasping a hand of their grandfather with a dreadful kind of patience, waiting the conclusion they dreaded. At length, however, the violence of the storm abated; the wind shifted, and again drove them out to sea. These glad tidings being quickly communicated, they soon recovered from their fright, and in a few days once more saw the white cliffs and welcome shores of old England. Every heart was warmed by the sight: to an englishman, indeed, to any man, the first view of his native land, after a long absence from it, is particularly pleasing.

Emma and Mary felt this sensation very powerfully. They looked at each other; they welcomed the beloved land, which

had given birth to them, and the dearest objects of their affections, with a transport, for which they could not account. Every past scene of felicity and pleasure, which, while they resided at Mr. Ferguson's, they had participated, again occurred; and feeling an impatience, of which they had not before been sensible, they longed once more to see their old friends.

Lord Eland however was dull, and even dejected; he was soon to part with an object, that engrossed his every thought. Her grandfather had not given him any encouragement, to expect, that he should be received as a welcome visitor, and he felt not a little dismayed at the prospect of their being henceforward strangers to each other: but the earl soon relieved him, by saying,

“ I trust, my lord, that our parting will not take place upon our landing; we, like you,

you, are hastening to London, and I hope you will assist me in escorting my charges thither ; nor shall we then part ; your lordship will, at all times, be a welcome visitor in St. James's-square. I hope, therefore, you will not treat us as strangers, but be frequently with us."

Lord Eland thanked the earl in terms expressive of the pleasure this invitation gave him, and joyfully accepted his offer.

They landed at Dover, and immediately set off for London ; the body of captain Manley being to follow as soon as possible.

The next day saw them at their grandfather's, who kissed and welcomed them to his house, of which he desired they would be mistresses. Here they parted with their companion ; and the remains of their father arriving shortly after, they attended them to their last mansion ; saw them consigned to

their native dust, and laid by those of their mother. This duty being performed, they wrote to Mr. Davis, giving him a circumstantial account of every thing that had passed, and inviting him to London.

One more week was devoted to the respect due to their parent, and then, with the consent of the earl, they went to call upon those friends they had not apprized of their return. Their first visit was to Mrs. Ferguson, who was rejoiced to see them. They delivered the letters, which had been intrusted to their care, apologizing for not sooner doing so, by mentioning the circumstances, which prevented them. To none of Mr. Ferguson's family, except madame Vinetti, indeed to none of their friends in England, were the circumstances of having met, and being acknowledged by their grandfather, known.

The

The melancholy event, which had so immediately followed, prevented any communication of the sort; and their speedy return to England made all intelligence unnecessary.

Having informed Mrs. Ferguson of every occurrence, and received her congratulations, they appointed a day in the following week for a general meeting in St. James's-square. Mrs. Goddard, who happened to be with her mother at the time of their visit, promised to make one of the party: they then affectionately wishing them good morning, hurried to Mortimer-street. Emma wondered, that the name of Mordaunt had not been mentioned during this visit, especially as there was likely to be so near a connection between the families.

As the carriage drew up to the door, the heart of Emma beat with a thousand dif-

ferent emotions. Should she see Howard, how should she behave? how could she disguise the affections of her heart? At one moment she wished he might not be in England; the next, this wish was contradicted: at length, however, the carriage stopped: she looked up toward the drawing-room windows; but what was her surprise, at seeing a hatchment over the door! For a moment she could not speak; a thousand sick fears took possession of her mind: should it be for Howard, who, by his profession, was exposed to a thousand dangers! the idea was insupportable; she became faint with apprehension; her head sunk on her bosom, with a fear she could neither conquer nor repress. Mary saw her agitation, and surmised the cause.

“Do not be alarmed, Emma,” said she, “let us at least inquire for whom this token

is placed. Why give way to unnecessary fears?"

Then ordering the servant to inquire, before they ventured to alight, they stopped for a few minutes. At that instant, Howard passed the carriage, leaning on the arm of lord Eland. The face of Emma was instantly overspread with a crimson blush. As the latter, observing them, advanced to pay his compliments, Howard made a formal bow; but, looking at the ladies, exclaimed in a voice expressive of the greatest pleasure—

"Whom do I see! Miss Stanleys! can it really be?"

Lord Eland laughed at what he thought a mistake—

"You are a little out, sir Howard; these ladies are called Manley."

"Call them what you please," replied the other, with a transport he could not suppress, "they are, they must be the friends, I have so long been anxious to see. None but Emma and Mary Stanley could wear such forms; but come, ladies, I am sure you were going to honour my mother with a visit; permit me to introduce you."

He then assisted them to alight. As Howard led Emma into the house, he informed her of the death of his father, and even found time, in this short minute, to express his joy at her return; and, indeed, every look and action declared it in language far more powerful than words.

Lady Mordaunt received her young friends with the same cordial kindness she had ever shown them; but her looks and manner convinced

convinced them, she had that within, which passeth show. The death of her husband, which had happened about two months, had involved her in a melancholy, she could neither shake off nor control. In only one business had sir James opposed her inclinations, and that was in regard to Howard and Emma. On his death bed he recalled his prohibition, and left his son at full liberty, to marry the object of his affections. Thus assured, Howard boldly evinced, before his mother, his unabated love to Emma; and while his delighted eye traced her improved beauties, his heart, more strongly than ever, told him how inexpressibly dear she was to him.

Much to the disappointment of Emma, she learned, that lady Welwyn was at her country seat, and that Ellen Mordaunt and George Ferguson were there likewise, but

that they were expected to return in the course of the week. Lady Mordaunt pressed her young friends, to pass the day with her. Howard seconded the proposal with all the eloquence of which he was master, but they excused themselves, as not having mentioned the probability of their staying out, yet promised to make an early visit. They then took leave; Howard conducted his mistress to her carriage. As he handed her down stairs,

“ May I ask my ever-charming Emma,” said he, “ where I may have the pleasure of seeing her ? I have much to say, much I hope to hear in return. Tell me where you now live ?”

“ With my grandfather,” she replied.

“ Your grandfather !” returned Howard, evidently surprised, “ I did not know you had so venerable a relation living : but wherefore

wherefore this mystery, which has so long involved your name and connexions in obscurity? Ah, Emma, but for that, we might now have been happy!"

"And are we not so?" she replied, "our happiness, I trust, was delayed, not totally broken; but lord Eland will introduce you to the earl, and when you know him, and your visits are sanctioned with his authority, I shall not be among the last, to receive pleasure in your company."

He kissed her hand, and assisted her to the carriage, which presently wheeled away.

Howard was impatient to obtain all the intelligence he could from lord Eland, but his lordship could inform him little more, than that they were grand-daughters to the earl of Delmore; and that their present
very

very deep mourning was for their father, whose body had been brought over for interment in the same ship, in which they came. He spoke in high terms of their dutiful attention to their living parent, and affection for their deceased one; concluding his eulogium, by declaring his preference for Mary, and his determination to make her his wife, provided he could obtain the earl's consent. That she is very young, I grant you, he continued, but that is a fault every year will rectify. She is lively and playful, without either lightness or levity; and her mind and disposition are so gentle, that she may be guided to any thing. Howard applauded his choice, but recommended his waiting a year or two.

"You might as well ask me to wait as many ages," returned his lordship. "No,
no,

no, I shall order matters so as to commence Benedict when you do."

Howard smiled; "perhaps you may wait then much longer than you expect: but are you sure of gaining the lady's consent?"

"Humph," returned his lordship, "to confess the truth, I have not yet declared myself: however, if I have any skill in the language of the eyes, the same sentiment sparkles in those of both sisters, though I flatter myself the object is different."

"Well, well," said his companion, "I see you have all the hopes of a lover, without the fears. Now I confess I have more fear than hope. I cannot bring myself to such a pitch of self-flattery, as to suppose the earl of Delmore, whom I have ever heard spoken of as very rich and powerful, will bestow his grand-daughter

upon me, a poor baronet, with an estate encumbered with a sister's fortune, and mother's jointure. You have no such drawbacks; a clear twelve thousand a year, beside a large sum of ready cash, will make an union with you desirable; and are circumstances, that, in the eyes of most parents, will give great interest to your suit."

"Pshaw, pshaw," replied his lordship, "do not entertain fears, but live as I do, by hope. You will shortly be made an admiral, and then, my boy, you are laid up for life. Besides, I can give you some comfort; I have frequently heard the earl declare, that in so serious an affair as marriage, he would not interpose his authority or contradict their inclinations. That those of miss Stanley are pretty strongly placed upon you, is past a doubt; and that being

ing the case, do not fear but she will be yours."

Much of this sort of conversation passed between the young men, and lord Eland agreed to introduce sir Howard to the earl, as soon as he had so far strengthened his own interest, that he could do it with propriety.

Lord Delmore, far happier than he had been since his daughter had quitted his house, now opened his doors to receive the congratulations of his friends. Lady Aulange was spared the mortification this event would have given; it is true, she lived to hear of the earl's having recovered and adopted the children of his unfortunate daughter, but a sudden death prevented her being a witness to the felicity his lordship enjoyed.

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With the innocent offspring of his Selina, lord Aulange and his son, however, claimed their relationship, and heard, without envy, the eulogiums bestowed upon them. The pride of lord Delmore was flattered by the praises his grand-daughters received; their personal and mental accomplishments were the theme of every tongue. Every luxury, that rank and riches could procure, were theirs; yet, among all the elegance that surrounded, all the pleasures that courted their acceptance, and all the compliments that were bestowed on them, they preserved a steadiness of conduct, and rectitude of principle, that prevented their being too much hurried away by the dissipation which prevailed, and in which most of their acquaintance were plunged.

They

They had been introduced at court, where they met a most gracious reception; and it was so much the fashion to admire them, that they might have been for ever engaged. Their father's last commands, however, were not forgotten; they studiously avoided engaging in parties, in which the earl was not included, and were rarely seen in public without him. Their chief study was to promote his happiness; their whole time was devoted to him, and no consideration could tempt them to leave him alone. This conduct still more endeared them to their already idolizing parent, and it might be truly said, he lived but in their presence.

It was in the course of one of these sociable evenings, that Emma begged her grandfather, to let her peruse her mother's letter. Her name once more brought upon

upon the carpet, the earl desired Emma, to let him have the narrative of her life, which madame Vinetti had told him was in her possession ; it was instantly produced, the sight of the hand writing affected the earl even to tears.

“ My children,” said he, “ while I have life, this must be mine. This first, and probably every reading will cost me many heart-aches ; but I have deserved them, and embrace the punishment.”

He said true : many were the heart-felt sighs, and plenteous were the tears, with which these sheets were again bedewed. The writing was frequently put down, and as quickly resumed ; the earl, notwithstanding his infirm health, did not sleep till he had finished it.

Let the feeling reader imagine, for I cannot paint, what the parent must have suffered, that, acting as lord Delmore had

had done, had exposed his child through inveterate obstinacy, and an unforgiving disposition, to the brink of destruction! Suffice it to say, that his sufferings were renewed with additional anguish; and reason seemed again tottering on her yet unstable throne. But this misery was not in store for him; though he suffered extremity of anguish from this recapitulation of the miseries his daughter had endured; he now had comforters, whose smiles cheered his weary pilgrimage, whose attention cheated the way of it's length. The sensations, to which a perusal of the manuscript had given birth, could not for some time be shaken off entirely; they never were indeed: yet, through the unremitting tenderness and affection of his grand-daughters, the keen edge of repentant sorrow was so far blunted, as to make it endurable. They had

had felt much true concern, that ever it had been placed in his hands; they joyed in the prospect of his returning spirits, and every alleviation, that duty and affection could suggest, they studiously adopted.

“ I have been thinking, my dears,” said the earl, a few days after he had finished the perusal of his daughter’s manuscript, “ that we owe more than a common return to Mr. Davis; and since business, joined with indisposition, has prevented his giving us a meeting in London, what say you, shall we go to Llanbeder? I dare say we shall be able, to prevail on lord Eland, to be of our party, as I have frequently heard him mention a friend, to whom he designed to pay a visit, that lives somewhere in the neighbourhood. What say you Emma? Mary do you like my proposal? for, to say truth, I long not only
to

to return my personal thanks to this nobly kind friend of my unhappy child, but I also feel an anxious desire to visit Tregwyllynd; and, if I can, trace the footsteps of my child in her desolate abode."

No proposal, that the earl could have made, would have been received more thankfully, or gratefully. It was a visit they had longed to make, as they well knew the sincerity, with which their friend would welcome and receive them. He had sorrowed with their mother; he had wept for her sufferings, and tenderly sympathized in her afflictions; the joy, then, that they knew he would feel, when he witnessed with what tender affection their grandfather regarded them, made them particularly solicitous to go to Llanbeder, and it was settled, that they should commence their journey thither early the next week. Lord Eland.

Eland came in the evening, and brought with him sir Howard Mordaunt, whom he formally introduced to the earl. Then turning to the ladies said;

“ To you, ladies, I believe I need not be quite so formal in my introduction, as I think I have heard my friend say, he has long had the honour of your acquaintance ?”

The earl seeing the rising colour, which overspread the face of Emma, asked, where sir Howard had first become acquainted with her. Being satisfied on this head, he chid him for so long delaying his visit, adding, he hoped, that lady Mordaunt would honour his grand-daughters with a visit, as he should at all times be happy to see, and thank those friends, who were kind enough to notice his children

dren, while they were known only as miss Stanleys.

In the course of the evening, the tour to Wales was proposed. Lord Eland joyfully accepted the invitation, and sir Howard mentioned his mother's design of retiring thither. He then slightly hinted the pleasure she would have in receiving the earl and his grand-daughters at Llanarth, and concluded by saying, if they would give him hopes of the pleasure of their company at the hall, he would immediately send down, to give orders, to have it ready for their reception.

"My mother will not, I suppose," he continued, "think of leaving London at present; at least till the marriage of my youngest sister has taken place, who will now very shortly become Mrs. Ferguson,

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and of course, will reside in London, where neither the health nor inclination of lady Mordaunt will permit her to make a long stay. I shall conduct her to Llanarth, thence I intend crossing to Plymouth, where my ship now lies, which, I imagine, will be shortly ordered to the West Indies. Emma turned pale at this account; the West Indies, above all places, she dreaded for her lover. It is plain, thought she, that he thinks but little of me, since he can so unconcernedly talk of a voyage of this nature. In the course of the evening, however, her lover found opportunity, to acquaint her with his hopes, and expectations from herself; and, in short, employed his time so well, that he obtained her permission to speak to the earl: but this could not be done immediately; it was necessary, that his lordship should have a greater knowledge

knowledge of him, before he made his proposals.

In a short time he became a constant visitor, and so far ingratiated himself into lord Delmore's good opinion, that he soon became a particular favourite. Howard was not long before he found an opportunity of entertaining his lordship on the subject, in which he was most interested. The earl heard him with attention; it was a subject he did not wish to enter on: the truth was, he foresaw, in the marriage of either of his grand-daughters, the breaking up of the happiness he had so lately enjoyed in their society; and although he neither expected, nor indeed desired, that they should live single, he yet wished them not to think of marriage. His consent then, though he did not absolutely withhold, he gave in no very gracious manner.

manner. Coldly however as he gave it, it was warmly and gratefully received by Howard, who thanked him in terms expressive of the joy he felt. The earl, moved by the pleasure, which sparkled in the young man's eyes, and willing to promote the happiness of his grand-daughter, told him, that, to himself, or his connections, he had no objection; that his sole reason for not giving a willing assent was, that he was loath to part with Emma; "bereft of her care, and her sister's," continued his lordship, "I should shortly sink into the grave. It is by them only, the little remainder of my life is made supportable; and should I lose them, my portion of earth would not remain long untenanted. It is the pain I feel at the thought of being separated from them, that makes me give a reluctant consent. I do not pretend to say
my

my motives are otherwise than selfish, but I am an old man, my race is nearly finished; sorrow and disappointment have, for many years, pressed hard upon me; and now, that my children are restored to me, and that, by their duty and affection, every hour of my existence is sweetened, wonder not, that I am unwilling to part with them."

"That my lord," returned sir Howard, "you need not do. I can answer both for miss Manley and myself, that our greatest happiness will be placed in administering to yours; and there is no plan you can adopt for it's promotion, to which we shall not willingly accede."

"Well then, sir," replied the earl, "the greatest pleasure I can feel is in the society of my children. Marry Emma, and, by so doing, ensure your mutual happiness, but you

must reside here. This house, and every thing in it, shall be her's; Mary and myself will be inmates only, as I cannot yet make her mistress of my house; she is too young, to undertake a charge of the kind; besides, she is not naturally of so steady a disposition as her sister, by whose example I could wish her to profit a few years longer; perhaps she may, by that time, have chosen a partner for herself, and I may have retired to my last mansion."

To this proposal sir Howard willingly acceded, provided it met his mother's approbation, who, he well knew, would not think any sacrifice too great, that could promote his happiness; "but for this reason, my lord," he continued, "it makes it more essential for me, not to be too extravagant in my demands. She has always loved miss Manley with a mother's fondness,

ness, and has anticipated, with no little degree of pleasure, the satisfaction and comfort she expected to enjoy in her society. It is not only my duty, but my inclination, to make her happy; for after the heavy loss she has so recently sustained, and that which must shortly take place by the marriage of my sister, to leave her in actual solitude, would be cruel and unkind. I could wish, therefore, that you, my lord, would permit us to divide our time, or else accompany us on our visits to my mother, whose pleasure would be enhanced by such a welcome addition to our society."

"You are a good young man, sir Howard," returned the earl, "and I like you the better for this attention to your mother's comfort; I will take this matter into consideration. Go now, therefore, and visit your mistress; tell her, you have

my hearty approbation, to make her your wife, and that the matter being settled between us, I shall expect it's speedy conclusion from her."

The earl then spoke about settlements: to the fortune his grand-daughters already possessed, he added ten thousand pounds more, which made their portions, altogether, amount to five and twenty thousand pounds.

Howard was too disinterested, to be over anxious in a concern of this nature; but desired the earl to order such settlements as he thought proper, and left the matter entirely to himself. He then hastened to his charming mistress, to acquaint her with his success, and recounted the whole of his conversation with the earl. And now, that Emma found there was no longer any obstacle to impede their union, and that she
might,

might, without any breach of duty or delicacy, give way to the faithful affection of her heart, she frankly avowed his power over it. The journey to Wales was protracted till after their union, which very shortly took place; and lord Delmore himself bestowed the hand, with the heart, of his grand-daughter, upon a man every way deserving of her.

“Take her, sir Howard,” said his lordship, as soon as the ceremony was over; “if her conduct, as a wife, equal that she has shown as a daughter and sister, you will never have cause to repent this day, but always regard it as one of the brightest of your life. Make her, in return, but as happy as she deserves, and she will have nothing, of which to complain.”

Accompanied by the earl, lady Mordaunt, lord Eland, and Mary, the new-married pair
set

set off for Llanbeder, where they were rapturously received by Mr. Davis.

“ This,” said he, as he congratulated them, “ is the sight I have so long wished to see. I know not two persons so every way worthy of each other, as the pair before me. Long, long, may ye live, to bless each other, and be a blessing to your friends; and, when full of years, and rich in the esteem and love of all around you, you shall sink into the grave, may your surviving generation reflect honour upon your memories by the virtues and goodness of their lives.”

Lord Eland, now, through the interest of sir Howard and Mr. Davis, with whom the earl united himself in the closest bonds of friendship, obtained his consent to marry Mary. The earl, however, prohibited their union taking place till she was seventeen;
and

and before that period the young lady Mor-daunt had presented her adoring husband with a son. The marriage of Mary soon followed this event; and the earl of Delmore, now happier than ever, beheld himself, like the patriarch of old, surrounded by his grand and great grandchildren.

Of the remaining personages little remains to be said, but that lord Delmore so far improved his interest at court, as to get the attainder taken off from the family of the Fergusons, and the old gentleman was soon acknowledged lord Forres.

Mrs. Goddard, late Emily Ferguson, at an early age, fell a martyr to her taste for a fashionable and dissipated life. She left only one child, which was taken by her mother, who brought her up to be an useful ornament of society.

Signor

Signor and madame Vinetti left Genoa in less than three years after their friends departure; and in their society lord and lady Forres lost the remembrance of the loss they had sustained in Mrs. Goddard.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ferguson, lady Welwyn and her worthy husband, lived happy in their respective families, and saw, with real pleasure, the felicity, which attended their beloved brother and friend.

The marquis of Monceath, of whom so much has been said, went into the Netherlands. There, hurried by that enterprising spirit, which always attended him, he took so active a part in the revolutionary scenes, which were transacting, that, growing obnoxious to one party, and not very well respected by his own, he soon fell a martyr to his newly-adopted principles.

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The marchioness de Tourville never lived to receive the account of her friend's death, with the birth of her first child. She forfeited her existence; and her father, lord Delby, having no nearer relation than captain Manley, his estates, in due time, devolved to the children of Emma and Mary.

Lady Mordaunt, the earl of Delmore, and Mr. Davis, the respected and valuable friend of lady Selina Manley and her children, spent the remainder of their days in their society; and, happy in themselves, respected and beloved by these objects of their tenderest solicitude, they lived, till, like over-ripened fruit, they fell from the tree of life, to be translated to eternity.

Of sir Howard and lady Mordaunt, lord and lady Eland, little remains to be said, but that, in public as in private, they were
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respected

respected and admired: it was theirs to wipe away the tear of distress, which flowed down the pale cheek of want; the helpless widow and deserted orphan were sheltered by their bounty, and supported by their kindness. Thus, happy in themselves, and diffusing happiness around them, they lived to a venerable length of years, and had the satisfaction of seeing the virtues and excellencies of their own hearts reflected in those of their rising generation.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Page 27, line 12, *for intentions read attention*

29, 7, — had *read* have

76, 11, — ong *read* long

79, 10, — port, *read* park,

